

The Sketch



No. 576.—VOL. XLV.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS CALEB PLUMMER IN "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH,"
AT THE GARRICK.

DRAWN FROM LIFE, AT A SPECIAL SITTING, BY MRS. LEE HANKEY.



By KEEBLE HOWARD

("Critic").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, Feb. 8.

THE current number of the *Saturday Review* contains a particularly amusing article by Mr. Max Beerbohm apropos of the plentifully-signed Appeal on behalf of the British Stage published in the *Fortnightly Review*. "Man," says the essayist, "is a name-signing animal. Lock him into a room, with nothing but paper and pencil, and he will while away his confinement, quite agreeably, by writing and re-writing his autograph." Thus does Max chaffingly explain away the seventy-two illustrious names appended to Mr. Courtney's earnest article. The theory, as I say, is worked out wittily, but I should like to know whether Mr. Beerbohm refused to add his own signature to the "first list," or whether the opportunity was never afforded him. Knowing, as I do, his good-natured disposition, I feel sure that the former explanation will not hold good. The distinguished critic of the *Saturday Review*, however, must not regard the omission of his name as an intentional slight. If he will take the trouble to examine the list rather more carefully, he will find that the names fall into distinct groups, each group, I fancy, representing a public dinner or a public meeting at which Mr. Courtney happened to be present with a copy of the Appeal in his pocket. The leading actors and dramatists, for example, were probably bagged at some great banquet given in aid of a theatrical charity. Anthony Hope, Mrs. Craigie, and Lucas Malet, no doubt, were caught at the New Vagabond Club. And so on. Readers of the *Saturday* may congratulate themselves, therefore, that Mr. Max Beerbohm did not run across Mr. Courtney when there were pens and ink at hand.

Miss Marie Corelli, I understand, has grown tired of seeing her name in the papers. She is still quite happy, however, for she has found a new interest in life. During the course of a recent legal dispute, a prominent Stratford-on-Avon gentleman admitted that he would give a thousand pounds to get Miss Corelli out of the town. Just before this case came on, there had been a rumour to the effect that the novelist was thinking of settling in Perthshire. The mind militant, you see, can thrive only on opposition, and Miss Corelli, one may presume, felt that she had taken all the fight out of her enemies in peace-loving Warwickshire. The challenge of this one survivor, of course, at once caused her to alter her plans. She began to discover new beauties in the birthplace of her predecessor; her garden at Mason Croft smiled upon her with renewed sweetness. It will be interesting to see which expires first—the tenacious townsman or Miss Corelli's lease.

The case of the Munich somnambulist, reported in the daily Press a few days ago, is more than usually distressing. This gentleman, it seems, after visiting a series of beer-gardens, fell into a deep slumber from which it was impossible to rouse him. After remaining in a state of coma for some days, he was observed, suddenly, to move. It was then three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and a boon companion, who was watching him at the moment, explained that this was the hour when his friend always drank beer. Beer was brought, the man's hand was placed in the handle of the tankard, and he then recovered sufficiently to drink the baneful fluid. Very soon afterwards, he again relapsed into slumber. On the two days following, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he woke up, drank beer, and went to sleep again, and he is now being closely observed by members of the medical profession. The situation must be a peculiarly humiliating one for the somnambulist's wife and family. Their combined affection, forsooth, does not weigh in the balance against a tankard of beer.

Fate, thinly disguised as a Sensational Paragraph, dogs the footsteps of English actors and actresses during their visits to

America. American players over here, oddly enough, get off scot-free; at any rate, we never read of their hair-breadth escapes in the London Press. It seems hardly fair, as a matter of fact, that all the advertisement—I mean, all the danger—should fall to the lot of our own mummers. Once a week, at least, we hear that an English actor playing in New York has been seriously inconvenienced by a ball of fire dropping down the back of his neck. Every other day, almost, we learn with horror that a maniac has attempted to murder a beautiful English actress whose genius has drawn all Boston to her feet. The latest victim, I find, is Mrs. Langtry. While travelling down a steep decline on a railway in Western America, the carriage occupied by the manageress and her Company went off the line. The train, at the moment, was tearing along at a speed quite unheard-of even in that land of hasty progress. Was Mrs. Langtry, do you suppose, dismayed? Not a bit of it. Coolly raising her glass—the Company, luckily enough, were lunching at the time of the accident—she drank the toast, "Here's to the one who keeps the coolest head." Hardly were the words out of her mouth than the train stopped suddenly, and her own head came into severe contact with the side of the carriage. We are not told whether Fate bothered about any injuries to the other members of the Company.

Would you believe me if I told you that, in the midst of this brick-and-mortar wilderness called London, there is a tiny, picturesque village, connected with the outer world only by an old-fashioned omnibus? No, of course, you wouldn't, and I, for my part, do not intend to direct you thither. I am determined, for once in a way, to be purely selfish, and save up this sweet oasis against the time when advancing years compel me to relinquish my post and withdraw from the battle of Fleet Street. In the meantime, I share the secret with the careless Bohemian who persuaded me to go a-roving with him last Friday afternoon. King Sol supported him; a soft, fair breeze was ruffling the surface of the river into a million ripples; there was a touch, to put it mildly, of Spring in the air. I hesitated, and five seconds later found myself in a hansom, pattering away in the direction of —. Presently, though, I managed to persuade the Bohemian that a hansom, after all, was a stuffy vehicle. We jumped out, therefore, and clambered to the roof of a —'bus. We had originally intended to take tea at —, subsequently returning to town by the — Railway. The quaint appearance of the vehicle to which I have already referred, however, caused us to book the box-seats and take the plunge into the Unknown. That was how we came to discover our old-world village in the middle of London.

There was no conductor on the omnibus, but the driver was able to communicate with the inside passengers through a trap-door in the roof. Looking down through this little door, we could see half-a-dozen old ladies who had little or nothing in common with the London we were leaving behind us. Their faces were ruddy, and spoke of country air and country food. The style of their garments dated back twenty years, and the nervous clutch with which they held their umbrellas showed that a journey into the land of streets was no light undertaking. There was a hint of a bygone age, too, about the driver. His hat was bell-shaped, his face rubicund, his coat big-buttoned, and he wore a straw in his mouth. As the good horses toiled up a long hill, he entertained us with bucolic jests at the expense of the Cockney passers-by. Later, as we rolled out upon a wind-cleaned common, he showed us the exact spots where divers highwaymen, famous in history, had stopped the coaches of the rich and danced gavottes with the fairest beauties of the Court. Finally, we came to the haven of our dreams, and climbed down from the box-seat to try the old ale, warmly recommended by the driver, of the ancient, low-ceiled hostelry. As we left, the February day was almost over. The common, I thought, looked larger, more desolate. I sat a little nearer the driver . . .

IN AID OF THE UNION JACK CLUB.

(See Page 143.)



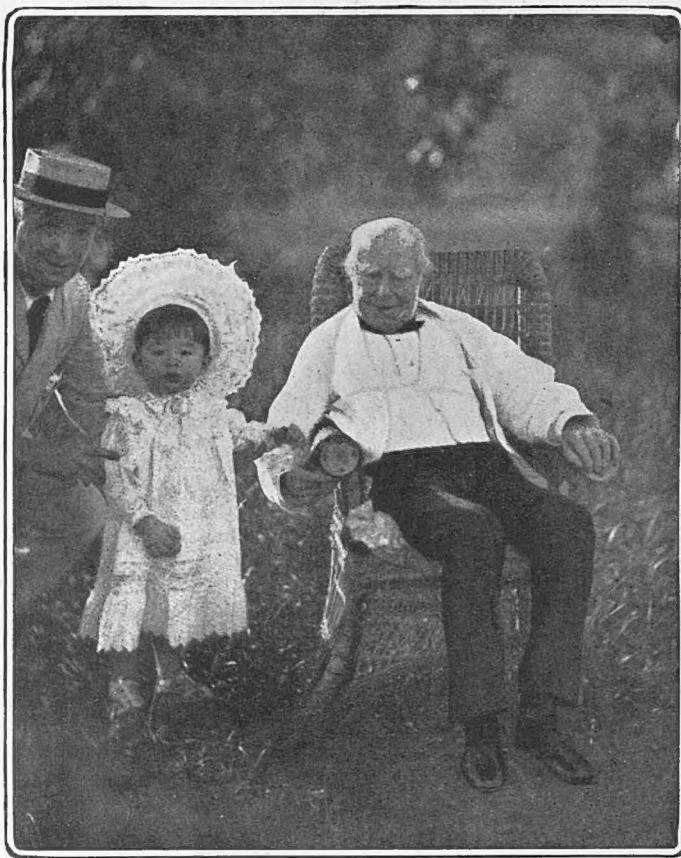
THE ROYAL CARNIVAL AT THE NATIONAL SKATING PALACE (FEB. 4).

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Last Sunday's War News—French Friendship—The Japanese Fleet—Our Navy and Army.

WHEN, on Sunday afternoon, I went into a Club in Piccadilly and found a group of men round the board on which the messages clicked out by the automatic typewriter are pinned up, and one member reading out the message for the benefit of those behind who could not see it, I felt that chill which comes with the anticipation of



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF THE LATE SIR HARRY KEPPEL.

bad tidings, for I had not seen such a group or heard the news read out since the direful days of the South African War.

There came to me at once the remembrance of a similar reading in another Club, when the British ill-luck was at its worst, and every morning seemed to bring a telegram beginning "I regret." An old soldier was reading out to the silent group the names of the officers killed and wounded, and when he had gone some way down the list he paused for a moment, and then spoke in a steady voice the name of his own son. The little crowd parted and let him through as he walked away to be alone with his sorrow. No man said a word, for every man was a soldier, and after a little while another voice continued the fatal list.

There was no particular reason why this incident should have come to my remembrance at the moment, except that there is no man or woman in Great Britain who does not know now what war is, and what aching hearts it makes, and none of us have watched the drifting to open hostilities of Russia and Japan without a regret for all the misery and sorrow such a war will bring. The message on the board on Sunday afternoon was a curt notice that the Japanese Legation at St. Petersburg and the Russian Legation at Tokio had been withdrawn; but that simple message meant the clashing of the Powers of the East and West, and before I had left the entrance-hall the raucous sellers of papers were yelling "War Declared!"

It is not a war we British will watch with light hearts, for there is a fear that we may be drawn into the whirlpool. It is a great compliment to a French statesman that within the past twenty-four hours I have heard M. Delcassé's name mentioned more often as a guarantee of peace between England and France than I have that of any of our British legislators. The sympathies of the two nations which have shaken hands across the Channel will be diametrically opposed, for all British hearts will hope that Japan will win, and every Frenchwoman will pray that victory may be with Russia, and it is good under the circumstances to know that there are cool heads in the Foreign Office by the Seine as well as in Downing Street.

The meeting of the Russian and Japanese Navies—if they do meet—will be of supreme interest to our naval men, for the Japanese fleet which will first go into action will consist of the best ships the private yards of Great Britain can send afloat, all with one exception having been built in this country, and will be manned by men trained as our men are and taking the British Bluejacket as their model. The Russian ships have had no trial in actual warfare, except some

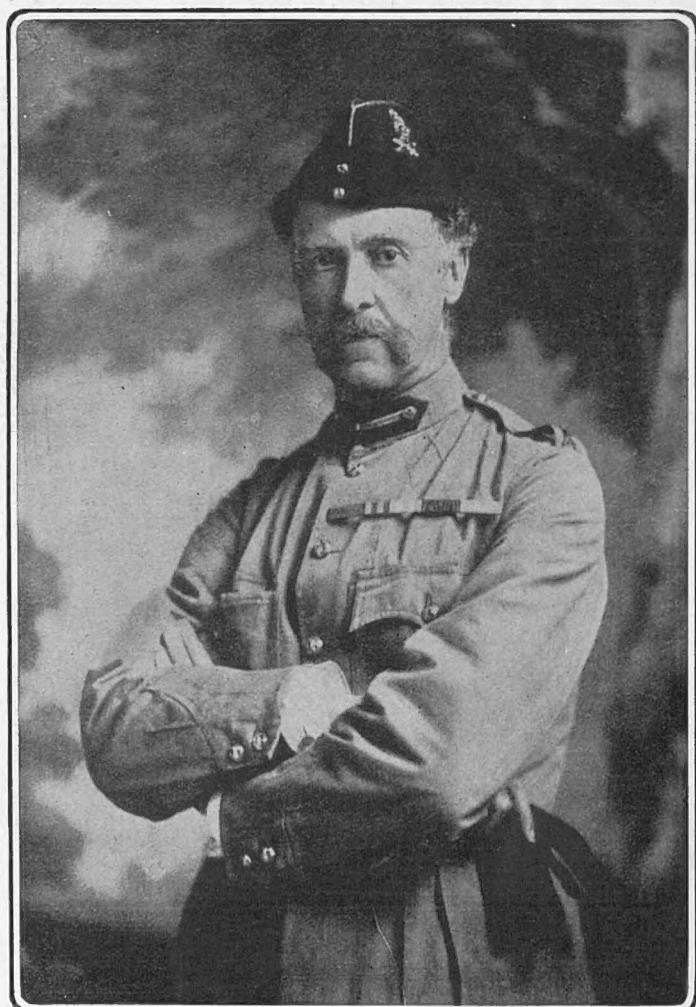
gunboat skirmishes in the Turkish War, and two quite different types of construction will be tested for the first time in the severest of all schools.

The Japanese have followed our naval example with great closeness, and a British officer who commanded a Japanese privateer, at a time when Japan nearly came to blows with China some thirty years ago, told me how, when what was thought to be a Chinese man-of-war was sighted and his crew went to quarters, he received a request which puzzled him from his gunners. They asked that they might be allowed to fight naked. On inquiry, he was told that they had heard that our sailors in Nelson's time always stripped for action. He laughed and told them to fight as they liked; but the supposed Chinese man-of-war really was a British merchantman and so there was no fight at all.

Our own naval men are, of course, expectant, for they believe that, should Great Britain have to take sides with Japan, the war, so far as this country is concerned, would be a naval one. A midshipman of my acquaintance bitterly bewailed to me that he and his fellows had not been given a chance since Trafalgar, but I refused to hope for a great war, even if it should bring him the stars and medals which he considered the pusillanimity of foreign nations deprived him of. He told me how he would bring a prize into Portsmouth when the Russian Baltic fleet was destroyed in the North Sea, and his conversation, generally, is now more stirring than any nautical novel I know.

Our Army has been so scourged by the critics that it might be supposed that, if the country was called on to hold an expeditionary force ready, there would be a difficulty in doing so. That is not the case. If the Reserve was called to the Colours, this country could now show a very fine, war-seasoned Army; but it is to be earnestly hoped that the men who have just settled down into civilian employment will not be disturbed, and that the employers who behaved with such patriotism during the South African War will not be again asked to make sacrifices.

One of the most remarkable things about the late "Father of the Fleet," Sir Harry Keppel, was his vitality and comparative youthfulness up to within a few days of his death. Few men attain such a great age, and fewer still when well advanced in their nineties would have ventured on the voyage to the Far East which Sir Harry made last year, when he revisited the scenes of many of his early exploits and had so enthusiastic a reception. The photograph reproduced herewith is the last taken of the fine old sailor, and has never before been published. It was taken by Mr. F. E. Jago on the occasion of Sir Harry's visit to Singapore. Mr. Jago and his little son are the Admiral's companions in the picture.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR NEVILLE GERALD LYTTELTON, "FIRST MILITARY MEMBER" OF THE NEW ARMY COUNCIL.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.



MISS NINA SEVENING, OF DALY'S THEATRE.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE Royal Opening of Parliament was carried out in the most perfect manner. By repetition, the scene has become admirably arranged and has lost nothing in picturesqueness. Last year, Peers, Peeresses, Ambassadors, and all others were kept standing throughout the ceremony. Either the King had omitted to make the downward motion of the hand which he made on an earlier occasion, or it was unnoticed. This year, however, when their

Majesties had taken their seats on the throne and when the Queen's robe had been arranged by the pages, the King said, "My Lords, pray be seated." The permission was gladly received by all present.

The King looked well, and was as observant as usual. While waiting for the Commons, he turned to the Lord Chancellor, who was at his elbow, and a smiling remark passed between them. Once more the Queen dazzled all observers by her grace and beauty. She turned slightly towards the King as he read his "own words" in his own voice. Every syllable in the Speech was heard by all present, for His Majesty pronounced it slowly and distinctly. He took particular pleasure in the passage relating to the friendly feeling between France and this country, and he laid emphasis on "regrettable" when he referred to the regrettable delay of the Porte in accepting the scheme of Macedonian reforms.

Next to their Majesties, the most observed personage at the Royal Opening was the Duke of Devonshire. He was naturally a conspicuous figure as he stood on the steps of the throne, holding erect the great Sword of State. This function he performed for the first time. Formerly, as Lord President of the Council, he had carried the Imperial Crown. It was a trying ordeal for the Duke to stand in so prominent a position for twenty minutes and hold a sword before his face. His phlegm, however, was equal to the ordeal. He turned and glanced at their Majesties while the King was reading the Speech.

Mr. Balfour's Absence. The sudden illness of the Prime Minister added fresh complication to the embarrassments of the Unionists in the House of Commons. Those who had earnestly desired a definite lead on the Fiscal Question were disappointed by the delay, and the Opposition, in turn, had to postpone their attack in force. In Mr. Balfour's absence, an opportunity fell to the Chancellor of the Exchequer such as has been very rarely enjoyed by so young a Minister. To speak for the Government in reply to the Leader of the Opposition on the first night of the Session is a great responsibility as well as honour. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain listened to his son, but did not show his feelings on his face. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer concluded, Mr. Chaplin, who had been sitting beside the father, went up to the son and shook hands with him, by way of congratulation.

Familiar Faces in Strange Places. The Unionist side of the House looked strange on the opening day. Nearly all the prominent statesmen were on back-benches. Mr. Chamberlain returned to a bench from which, ten years ago, he delivered vehement attacks on Mr. Gladstone; and Mr. Chaplin, beside whom he sat, was divided only by the Gangway from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. On the bench in front of Mr. Chamberlain's were Mr. Ritchie and

Lord George Hamilton, and near them were "the political twins," Mr. Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil. The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, on entering, was cheered by the Liberals. There is a great deal of combustible material on those benches below the Ministerial Gangway, and it is in that quarter that danger to the Government is threatened. Unfortunately, personal feeling is very strained.

The Countess of Dalhousie.

Of last year's brides, few are likely to be such valuable additions to the great hostesses of the twentieth century as may be the young Countess of Dalhousie, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Ancaster. She was before her marriage, as Lady Mary Willoughby, one of the few girls in Society honoured with the Princess of Wales's intimate friendship and affection. From earliest childhood Lady Dalhousie has helped her mother in the many good works in which Lady Ancaster takes so practical and keen an interest, and great were the rejoicings in the neighbourhood of Brechin when it became known that the head of the Ramsays and of the ancient Maules of Panmure was about to bring home so good as well as so beautiful a bride.

Lady Dalhousie spent much of her childhood at Drummond Castle, and so is already very warmly attached to Scotland and to the Scottish folk. It is thought very probable that she and the young Earl, the descendant of the long line of heroes, will entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales this next summer, either at Brechin Castle or at Dalhousie.



LADY DALHOUSIE, AN INTIMATE FRIEND OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

Royal Wedding-Bells.

Paraphrasing a famous saying, it might well be said, "Unhappy is the country which has no Royal weddings." There is something in such a function which pleases the most matter-of-fact mind by its old-world pomp and ceremonial, and the outcome of a Royal romance appeals to something latent in most human beings.

The fact that Princess Alice of Albany was born and bred in this country, and that her gallant bridegroom was not only the son of the most popular British Princess of the Victorian era, but also that he has fought for the Empire through the greatest war of our time, also lends added interest to this week's Royal nuptials.

In consequence of his sudden indisposition, the King of Württemberg has been unable to come to England, but their Majesties are now entertaining his beautiful Consort and that most estimable of Queen-Dowagers, Queen Emma of the Netherlands. The King and Queen of Württemberg, though less well-known in England than are most of the German Sovereigns, have never lost an opportunity of showing kindness to those British travellers whose good-fortune it is to pass by way

THE HON. GWENDOLEN MAXWELL.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

of Stuttgart. The King is a wise and benignant ruler, and his wife is adored throughout the kingdom, owing to her great kindness of heart, her exceptional beauty, and her many accomplishments, which include riding and skating.

The Health of "The Duke." Much concern is felt at the news that the Duke of Cambridge has been too unwell to carry out his intention of going to the South of France. His Royal Highness, still affectionately known to a very large circle as "The Duke," shares with the King of Denmark an amazing vigour and vitality denied to most octogenarians. He has now outlived, as regards years, every member of the great Guelph family, and even during the last fortnight has been well enough to himself drive and make personal inquiries for one of his old friends who happened to be more ailing than himself. Many have been the inquiries made by those who were once his fellow-officers at the charming little Palace, facing Piccadilly and the Green Park, which the Duke has now lived in so long, and all hope that he will soon be able to resume his old vigorous mode of life and many activities.

Sir George Clarke. Sir George Sydenham Clarke, who was summoned home from his Governorship of Victoria to serve as one of the dauntless three to whom was committed the task of reforming our whole military system, is not to return to Australia. He will be much regretted there, for he made an admirable Governor, modest, sensible, and absolutely destitute of any "frills" or "side." Lady Clarke, too, did the honours of Government House at Melbourne with much grace. But Sir George is wanted at home, and, though he has not been appointed a member of the Army Council, some responsible post will doubtless soon be found for him.

The Japanese New Year's Day. The old-fashioned Japanese have just been celebrating their New Year's Day, which falls on our 2nd of February. Up to 1873, the year in which the European calendar was adopted, the first day of the New Year was officially celebrated on Feb. 2, and the old-fashioned folk still keep the day in the ancient style. Everyone gives and receives presents of fans, more or less richly ornamented, accompanied by a morsel of dried fish wrapped in paper. The Japanese are very fond of holidays, for there are three in each month, in addition to the seven great festivals of the year. The three festivals of each month are not of very great importance, but they are nevertheless celebrated with the utmost regularity.



It has been said that card-games were never more popular than at present, and that the story of stakes that have changed hands lately would make very interesting reading. A correspondent has sent me the following verses, which he entitles "The Complete Gambler"—

Come, Jones, I'll show you round the hall,
If you can spare the time;
My pictures are the talk of all,
My statues are sublime.
My land extends to where you see
Yon distant, wind-swept ridge.
No, Jones, it was not left to me:
I won the place at Bridge.
My stables these: observe the grey,
How well she holds her head!
The roan's a thoroughbred, they say:
I won them both from Ned.
These are the dogs that Mudford lost—
How sweet their music sounds!
A pack of cards was all it cost
To win that pack of hounds.
My motor will be coming soon—
It's on its way from town:
I won it but this afternoon
At Poker from de Browne;
While I've a yacht, designed by Fyfe,
That paid a Colonel's debt.
But hold—allow me, Jones—my wife:
I won her at picquet.

A Society Musical Genius.

Lady Maud Warrender, the youngest sister of the Earl of Shaftesbury, is a really fine vocalist. Both the King and Queen delight in hearing her sing those old ballads of Ireland and Scotland which lend themselves so naturally to the expression of simple and poignant emotion.



LADY MAUD WARRENDER,
WHO WILL SING AT THE LEAGUE OF MERCY FÊTE AT CLARIDGE'S HOTEL ON
MONDAY AND TUESDAY NEXT, FEB. 15 AND 16.
Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK AND THE HON. GWENDOLEN MAXWELL.



EVERINGHAM PARK (THE YORKSHIRE HOME OF LORD HERRIES) AND THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, WHERE THE CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE.

Photographs by Gowland.

A Popular Prefect. When our good *confrères* of the Paris Press have nothing else to do, they set to work and invent little stories about M. Lépine, the Prefect of Police (writes *The Sketch* Correspondent). It is a perfectly harmless occupation which is comparatively well paid, but the ingenuity shown is worth the money. This week, for instance, the story went the rounds that M. Combes, wishing to please Socialist members of the Government majority, was trying to persuade President Loubet that M. Lépine's presence in Rome as the Ambassador of the Republic to the Vatican would undoubtedly facilitate the interview with the Pope which M. Loubet is known to desire upon his coming visit in the spring.

Of course, the story was entirely untrue. The Socialist Deputies were, as they are on all occasions, extremely rude to M. Lépine in the Chamber during the debate on the Bourse du Travail riots; but, then, it is the duty of Socialist Deputies in this country to be extremely rude to people in authority, and any other conduct is promptly branded as traitorous to the Party. M. Lépine is quite the most popular Police Prefect Paris has had for years, and, though undoubtedly one day he will, when he resigns his office, be sent as the Republic's representative somewhere, it is likely to be to a more important post than that of Ambassador to the Vatican, and to be a long time before he is removed to it. As to the stories published about him, M. Lépine enjoys them more than anybody else, and treasures them carefully in a scrap-book, in which he annotates with gentle irony each clipped canard.

The Carnavalet Museum, which is one of the most interesting of the museums of Paris, and, possibly for that reason, one which foreigners most rarely visit, has come into the possession of a curious picture. It is a picture of the room in which Chateaubriand was born, made entirely from the hair of the writer, which M. Pâques, his hairdresser, cut off and has religiously collected. Pâques was more than a mere barber. He was truly an artist in hair, and has made an extremely picturesque job of the small room in the Grand Bé Hôtel, near St. Malo, out of his hirsute medium. He was on very friendly terms with Chateaubriand, and at his death was given, by the family, the wooden bowl in which Chateaubriand's lather was mixed, the shaving-brush and razor with which Pâques used to shave him, and the last piece of soap he used. To these Béranger added a note authenticating the small articles, and, now that M. Pâques has given them to the Carnavalet, with his hair-picture, people who see them will begin to ask each other what Chateaubriand did, and "who the Johnny was, you know." Béranger's songs are, of course, more familiar to the crowd, for Madame Yvette Guilbert sings a number of them—but Chateaubriand? "Oh, of course! How very foolish of me! Why he was a famous cook, and the steaks in the Restaurants Duval have been named after him! What extraordinary Johnnies these French Johnnies are!"

And so the "Marche des Minuinettes" is over. But it is not forgotten. For eight solid hours we danced and laughed in the

be-decorated Moulin Rouge, or watched dainty damsels racing round a sawdust-sprinkled track in all varieties of costume, from short skirts and the *culotte cycliste* to the garb of a page of Madame Pompadour. We saw them climb the greasy pole and haul down opera-glasses, pairs of stays, watches, and boxes of perfumery; we gazed with glee upon a flower-bed of dazzling beauty (this is my pretty way of saying what I thought of the Committee), and finally we went to bed at six a.m. And now there is some talk of a new kind of "marche," "La Marche des Retroussées." The notion is that, on one of those muddy, sloppy days which are unfortunately to be counted upon just now, actresses, *dames du monde*, and damsels of the needle and the thread shall be asked to join in a point-to-point race, in which speed shall not be of so much account as will be the absence of mud acquired by the time that the winning-post is reached. And art in the holding up of the long skirts each competitor will have to wear will also be a point-gainer. The new race-meeting is likely to attract considerable notice, I should think.

Both Major-General the Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot—who has been appointed to succeed Sir George Clarke as Governor of Victoria—and his wife are very well known and popular in Society, and Melbourne is to be congratulated on the prospect of having two such charming people to take the official and the social lead respectively. Sir Reginald is an uncle of the present Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, of the Marchioness of Londonderry, and of Muriel, Viscountess Helmsley, and he is brother of the Countess of Pembroke, of Countess Brownlow, and of Admiral the Hon. Walter Carpenter. Lady Talbot, who is a grand-daughter of the first Lord Wharncliffe, is a sister of Mr. Archibald Stuart-Wortley, the well-known portrait-painter, of Mr. C. B. Stuart-Wortley, M.P., of the Countess of Lovelace, of the Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, and of the Hon. Lady Lyttelton, wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Neville Lyttelton. The new Governor is sixty-three, and has a distinguished record of war-services, notably in Egypt, where he commanded the British Forces for four years, retiring last year. He sat in the House as Conservative Member for Stafford for some years.

Monsignor Sébastien Debelkovich has been nominated by the Ecumenical Patriarch to the Bishopric of Uskub. He is of Servian nationality, and was born in 1867, in the village of Lepliana, in the vilayet of Kossovo. After having studied theology at Prisrend, he went to Constantinople, where he has ever since remained. At first, he was a student in the famous Theological College of the island of Halki, where he made himself conspicuous by suppressing a revolt, and then he entered the Phanar, where he soon became a favourite of the Patriarch. Monsignor Debelkovich has written a learned book on the Patriarchate of Ipek, which, by the way, has been suppressed for nearly one hundred and fifty years, and on its relations with the Ecumenical Patriarch. Although he is a Servian by birth, he is very well thought of by the Greeks, and, what is quite as surprising, his appointment has been welcomed in all quarters. This is as astonishing as it is unusual.



MISS LOUIE POUNDS, PLAYING IN "THE EARL AND THE GIRL,"
AT THE ADELPHI.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Miss Hermione
Cooper.

Among future twentieth-century beauties special interest attaches to those young people who are connected in any way with the Court circle; this is the case with Miss Hermione Cooper, the pretty niece of the Duke of Fife, who only the other day acted as bridesmaid to her sister,



MISS HERMIONE COOPER, A NIECE OF THE DUKE OF FIFE.

Photograph by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.

remarkable is that the married women and young girls are shown wearing low dresses exactly like those worn now for evening-dress, and, moreover, the hair is worn in what we consider the modern style, while the skirts are shown to have been accordion-pleated just as they were in England not so many months ago. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

M. and Madame Bompard.

In the great French Diplomatic world all eyes are turned at the present moment to France's representative at St. Petersburg, M. Bompard, and his charming wife. What may be called the personal side of diplomacy still plays a very considerable part in public affairs, and there can be no doubt that the brilliant Montebellos, who were M. and Madame Bompard's predecessors, were immensely respected, and certainly had something to say to the Emperor and Empress's historic visit to Compiègne. At the present moment M. Bompard has not a very easy rôle to play. He has, on the one hand, to assure the Emperor that France is full of affectionate and devoted feelings,



MADAME BOMPARD.

REPRESENTATIVES OF FRANCE AT THE RUSSIAN COURT.

Photographs by Otto, Paris.

to Russia, and, on the other hand, he has to imply that his great country is averse to seeing her ally engage in a war with Japan. Madame Bompard is on kindly terms with the Czarina, the more so that she is a great expert on nursery management.



MONSIEUR BOMPARD.

An American Princess.

Princess Hatzfeldt was, before her marriage, the beautiful Miss Huntingdon, of New York, and, according to Transatlantic gossip, she inherited some fifteen million pounds sterling from her adopted father, for she was not the daughter but the niece of the great "Railway King." Prince Hatzfeldt is head of the senior branch of his house, and he has several hereditary honours at the Prussian Court; accordingly, the Princess is as popular in Berlin as she is in London. It was in the latter city that her marriage to the Prince took place, and this, perhaps, is why both their Highnesses are so devoted to this country, where, in addition to a splendid town-house in Berkeley Square, they have possession of Lord Cowley's delightful Wiltshire seat, Draycott. The Princess is noted for her cotillions, which, indeed, she was among the first hostesses to introduce to the notice of London Society. One given at her house last year had the most splendid accessories ever seen at an English ball, the most beautiful figure being a pagoda, made of orchids, large enough for a dancer to sit in. It was said at the time that the Queen was particularly gratified by the fact that for one of the figures of this cotillion Princess Hatzfeldt bought up all the china animals at the Danish china-shop in which Her Majesty takes so keen a personal interest.

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PRINCESS HATZFELDT, A LEADER OF AMERICAN SOCIETY IN LONDON.

Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

Iceland, and conferred them on an Icelander by birth, Mr. Harines Hafstein, who is also Captain of the city of Isafjord. This is in conformity with the new Constitution, which gives the island a certain amount of Home Rule and confers very considerable powers on the Minister for Iceland.

The Emperor of Korea's Tooth.

During the great feast which he gave a short time ago to celebrate the anniversary of Korean independence, the Emperor of Korea had the misfortune to break a tooth. The immediate result of the accident was that the chief cook and all his assistants were thrown into prison to await trial for *lèse-majesté*. But there happened to be a dentist at Seoul who was travelling to see the country, and he managed to stop the resulting toothache without making use of any steel instruments, which would have frightened the Emperor and have made him refuse to submit to the operation. The dentist received one thousand yen, or about one hundred pounds, for his fee, and then attention was turned to the peasant cooks. The underlings were dismissed with a caution, but the chief cook was sentenced to work for three months without any pay, and the Emperor at once ordered another great feast to celebrate his recovery from toothache. Happily for the cook, no more Imperial teeth were broken.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE been deeply interested in the report of Lord Esher's Committee and the proposals it has put forward with the idea of making our War Office administration fit to cope with a war. The idea is such a good one that it is a matter of surprise that nobody thought about it before. We have known that a war has always been



A STUDY IN EXPRESSION: ANY OFFICIAL AT THE WAR OFFICE.

regarded with anger and suspicion by the officials in Pall Mall, for it increases their hours of work, forces them in moments of great stress to think, and, even then, has resulted from time to time in public criticism of their thinking powers. But now that Lord Esher, Sir George Clarke, and Sir John Fisher have suggested that the War Office should be reorganised on lines that will enable it to direct a war without throwing all its delicate machinery out of gear, there is great hope for the future.

Even the papers that are in opposition and cannot be expected to see any good in work done for the people by a Conservative Government find it hard to justify a grumble. One alone manages to maintain its enviable reputation. It says, in other words, of course, and at greater length: "Our soldiers in general and our young officers in particular don't take their work seriously enough, and until they do there can be no improvement in our Army. Lord Esher's Commission does nothing to remedy the present bad state of things." Delightful, fair-minded journal! If our officers became suddenly enthusiastic about matters military and could be stocked with brains of the best quality by Act of Parliament, I can see that morning paper pointing solemnly to the growth of barbarous militarism forced upon the simple-minded British public by a designing, ambitious, peace-disturbing Tory Government bent upon a career of military adventure.

When my morning paper assures me that certain American doctors are entering upon a course of experiments that will make a black baby white, I rejoice exceedingly, because I see the end of all the racial troubles that beset the wayfarers upon this planet. Hitherto, when white met black or yellow there was trouble; now, the Mongol will rest side by side with the Kaffir, and will be indistinguishable in colour from the Briton or German who requests them politely to go down together to the mines and dig out the gold that is therein. For, if the American medical men are right, all nigger children have white possibilities when they enter upon life's journey, and, by bringing

them up in a red atmosphere, they will remain white. Nothing could be more delightfully simple or more encouraging to the seekers after the Millennium.

I am well pleased to see that the *Kassaga* and *Nysshin* have arrived safely at Singapore, and, after brief rest for securing further supplies, have left for their destination. In all probability, they were able to take sufficient coal on board at Singapore to carry them comfortably to the nearest Japanese port, supposing that their commanders do not care to run the risk of calling at Hong-Kong for a final supply. By the end of next week, any time between the 18th and 20th, they should, if all goes well, be within touch of the main body of the Japanese fleet, though it may be presumed that they will have to spend a little time in dock before they are ready to come out in fighting-trim, with Japanese crews and commanders, and flying the white flag with a circle of red in the middle.

Surely there have been few more interesting cruises than the one from Italy to Japan, which, we may hope, will have ended safely by the time the next issue of *The Sketch* is in the hands of its readers. From first to last it must have been a journey full of breathless incident. The most dramatic moment should have been in the Suez Canal, where, on the arrival of the Japanese ships, some of the vessels belonging to the squadron of Admiral Werenius proceeded through the narrow waters, leaving the *Nysshin* and *Kassaga* to follow, and other Russian vessels to bring up the rear. Happily for the cruisers that were built in Italy, they were able to show a clean pair of heels to the other following vessels, and the Russian commander could not very well detach his destroyers from the main squadron to keep them under observation. Of course, it is quite possible that the *Nysshin* and *Kassaga* may have yet more dramatic moments in store before they pass into action for the first time, but one hopes that none will occur between Singapore and Nagasaki.

I wonder how the rumour went abroad that the cruisers were being escorted by a British squadron. The idea was absurd, of course, but was deliberately circulated throughout the Continent, and it will be found to have passed into the history of the struggle as the boulevardier reads history. No amount of contradiction avails at any time to kill a plausible lie. I had reason to find this out during the war in South Africa, when I heard the most extraordinary stories being circulated upon the Continent, and believed by people who had claims to be considered intelligent. For example, there was the very tall tale that the Boers branded every British prisoner they took, in order that they might shoot every branded man they found bearing arms against them. Childish as this tale may seem, it has passed into Continental history.



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB, BUT FORGOT THAT THE LAMB HAD A "LITTLE MARY."

SOME SCENES FROM "LOVE IN A COTTAGE," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.



Lieutenant Thompson (Mr. Sydney Blow) and Johnson (Mr. J. A. Bentham).

Johnson, a comic soldier-servant, studies his appearance in his master's glass.



Lady Eileen (Miss Janet Alexander) and Captain Ulick O'Brian (Mr. Frank Cooper).

Lady Eileen taunts Captain Ulick O'Brian with having forgotten her.



Charlie Ponsonby (Mr. A. Vane Tempst).

Charlie Ponsonby endeavours to amuse the company, with somewhat uncomfortable results.



Matthew (Mr. H. Vyvyan) and Lady Sheila Nugent (Miss Irene Rooke).

Matthew, a tender-hearted butler, condoles with Lady Sheila Nugent on her unhappy marriage.

Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

"THE PHILANTHROPISTS."

IT was a little bewildering at first to be present at a performance by the Stage Society and find oneself, without warning, in the cock-pit of the National Sporting Club. The result was to me somewhat disastrous, for memories reduced me to inaction. Not, indeed, memories of the combats in this arena, since I have never witnessed any, but my thoughts went further back than the 1891 when the Club was established, and recollections of Evans's as I last knew it arose. Memories of Evans's as a meeting-ground, on the pretence of supper, of Bohemians of both sexes; they called the Bohemians of the other sex by a more classic term in the over-capitalised works of Pierce Egan—I sold my inherited copy of "Life in London" for a fabulous sum. Then there were memories of Evans's a little earlier, of Evans's when only gentlemen were admitted, though, goodness knows, the term "gentleman" had a liberal interpretation. These thoughts—of course, I claim no second-hand memories from Thackeray—paralysed me behind a pillar till the curtain rose, so, of course, I could not get to my allotted seat, and therefore these laments.

The second Act of my subjective tragedy took place during the first *entr'acte*, when I wandered down the platform-side to get to the excellent seat allotted to me. It was occupied by a lady, a charming creature, as are all of her sex. I endeavoured to put on a look combining a note of meek inquiry and humble reproach; she seemed a little confused, and talked to her neighbour, possibly about the Fiscal Question. "G. B. S." seeing my confusion, amiably got up and said, "What's your row?—I'm 'E'"; to which I replied, with conviction, that I was "D." But the usurper—I would not mention the number on the seat for worlds—never turned a hair of her—well, it is not wise to make confident statements in our days. So I crawled back to my draughty seat near the pillar. The last camel to me was the feeling that the lady who had my comfortable seat showed no signs of gratitude for my chivalry in not causing her to be turned out. Some people would say that the chivalry was mere weak-mindedness or cowardice, but let that pass; it is, however, just here that these personal remarks become pertinent to "The Philanthropists," the slightly abbreviated translation of Brieux's play, "Les Bienfaiteurs," for an act of chivalry performed with any hope of gratitude is barren.

Now, the main object of the play, apparently, is to show that efforts at philanthropy, tainted by any hope of gratitude, are futile; of course, not taking gratitude in the cynical definition as the expectation of favours to come, but gratitude simply as the state of mind which ought to follow the receipt of a favour. One hardly expects this sort of thing from a modern French playwright; one scarcely anticipates from him a drama intended to prove the truth of certain well-known propositions concerning charity contained in the famous and beautiful Thirteenth Chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Still less did we dread an attempted proof of the accuracy of the horrible proposition that all our deeds are traceable to selfishness more or less delicately concealed, whilst bewilderment reigned when references to John Stuart Mill were made, and a pretty young woman uttered a phrase concerning good deeds that was really a modern version of one of the Pensées of Pascal, the Distraught who began life with one of the greatest intellects ever given to man.

"It isn't a play at all," said one critic during an *entr'acte*; "it's a tract." "Not a bit," said another; "it's a pamphlet." But really it was a play, and a very interesting, curious play, obeying the main laws of drama, if scornful of some conventions. We had well-defined premises, a progressive strife against circumstances, a catastrophe, and a *dénouement*. How, then, could it fail to be a play, even if the juvenile lead was dropped out after the first Act, and, indeed, rendered so hungry for work that his representative, Mr. Milton Rosmer, actually appeared in the third Act as somebody else with a beard and gave a clever little character-sketch?

What are the facts? Landrecy and his wife are excellent lower middle-class folk who inhabit a manufacturing town which I fancy I identify as Rouen. Their neighbours think them fools because they spend their substance and their time in helping the poor and have a fond belief that their labours are rewarded by love. Suddenly there arrives a man from South Africa, who, after being the agent of a Belgian Company founded (with English capital, directed by an American) with a view of exploiting South Africa, struck gold—or rather, struck the indicia of gold—and came back to France with barrels-full of money. This was Valentin Salviat, brother of Pauline, Landrecy's wife. The worthy people made no fuss about the arrival

of the gold-burthened prodigal brother. Salviat is rather disgusted to find they do not worship the golden calf, and even reject his offers of wealth, put by him a little crudely. However, after a slight outburst of temper, he is able to appreciate their goodness, though he scoffs at their ideas, for he, who has had a surfeit of poverty as well as of wealth, believes that it is impossible to help the poor folk. According to him, between those who possess money and those who deserve help there is a wall which cannot be overthrown. "Pity," he says, "those who have good hearts, and also those who suffer; they seek one another eagerly, but are condemned never to meet." He offers to finance Landrecy in taking a factory and working it upon an ultra-Socialistic basis, and he places at the disposition of Pauline an immense amount of money to be used at her discretion in charity. The catastrophe is shown in the failure of their efforts. Pauline at first triumphs: she combines all the charitable institutions of the city, and brings for a while peace between radically hostile philanthropic bodies, but their peace is little better than their strife, for the honest poor suffer, whilst cadging knaves and rogues thrive. A tragic death from hunger happens, whilst the imposture of an amusing knave who, in order to be eligible for their charity, falsely pretends that he was convicted as a housebreaker, is detected. Pauline sees that her labours are but sand-castles. Landrecy is no more fortunate; he showers benefits upon his men, who suspect his motives in every act of generosity, and strike unreasonably. So Salviat triumphs, and yet not entirely, for his own heart is touched by the sufferings of the worthy poor.

A love element is worked in by causing Landrecy's pretty cousin, Georgette, to be in love with his partner, and by presenting Salviat as in love with her. In the third Act the millionaire proposes to the girl and is refused: he becomes so furious that he threatens to go away and leave Landrecy and his wife in the lurch, so that Georgette, to protect the people who have been kind to her, offers to marry Salviat. He, at first, is delighted, but quickly guesses the truth and refuses her sacrifice, yet promises that the offer of it shall not be fruitless. These scenes are skilfully handled and with several very pretty touches. Georgette is not, perhaps, quite a real French *jeune fille*. It is noticeable that our foreign friends, for purposes of drama, have been compelled to permit the *demoiselle à marier* to act on the stage with a freedom which in real life would be regarded as indecent. Curiously enough, it happens that the dramatists are becoming correct. The French maid—although, of course, Prevost's "Les Demi-Vierges" is a shocking libel—is beginning to imitate her American and English sisters, and so Georgette, though probably false to life when drawn, is true enough now. Her part was charmingly played by Miss Gertrude Burnett. The play has a very long cast, and the performances showed many clever pieces of acting by players who are not usually classed as "stars"—proof, I maintain, of two things: first, that the characters really have a touch of life; and second, that we have a rich reserve force, too much neglected, of able actors and actresses. Mr. C. V. France had a heavy, difficult part as Valentin Salviat; he avoided the touch of vulgarity intended by the author, but otherwise gave an admirable performance. In reference to his lack of vulgarity, it may be noted that at the King's Hall the whole setting of the piece is one grade, or even several grades, higher in the social scale than in the original.

Miss Annie Webster and Mr. Garden, as Pauline and Landrecy, were more than merely excellent in their quiet, nicely studied work as the misguided philanthropists. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, as a poor, half-starved, hard-working widow, made, with really fine art, a perfect, unforgettable picture. Miss Dora Barton was almost startlingly truthful and effective in a hysterical outburst. Miss Eily Malyon, Mr. Arthur Grenville, and Mr. Ean Macdonald all acted so ably as to make small parts stand out vividly without disturbing the general scheme of the author. It may be that, even when acted so well, "The Philanthropists" is hardly a play for our markets; but, if so, I think the author is scarcely to be blamed, though certainly he has been indiscreet in permitting his anxiety to prove theories to cause him to indulge in needless lengths. He may be, as some say, not so much a born dramatist as a writer who, like our own "G. B. S.," uses the theatre as a medium for the exploitation of ideas rather than stories. I cannot see that this use is illegitimate; on the contrary, the best way of giving vitality to drama is to enlarge its scope. Except in not exhibiting his audacious and disconcerting wit, the play reminds one a good deal of the dramas of "G. B. S."—dramas which, if any of the schemes for a National or Municipal Theatre are ever carried out, should form an important element in the répertoire.



MISS LENA ASHWELL AS YO-SAN IN "THE DARLING OF THE GODS,"
AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON WITH EDISON.

THOMAS A. EDISON, the great American inventor, is better known through his inventions than from his personality. Of the man himself one seldom hears. The inventor of the phonograph, the electric-light, the duplex telegraph, and other great things, is little known in his home surroundings. This is due principally to the fact that Edison has made himself more or less a recluse for many years, and, by preference, has chosen a home far from the madding crowd. The madding crowd knows that Edison exists, because he is constantly turning out inventions that compel attention; but just how he exists, what sort of man he is, whether married and with a large family, or single and alone with his ideas, are almost unanswered questions.

To begin with, Edison is married. The present Mrs. Edison is his second wife, and at the Edison home there are three children, named respectively Madeline, Charles, and Theodore, in the order of their ages, the eldest a young lady well on in her teens. Mrs. Edison, the presiding deity of the Edison home, is a woman of extremely youthful appearance. She was a Miss Miller, of New York.

Edison is one of the most domestic persons imaginable. His Sundays at his beautiful home he often speaks of as the bright spots in his life. The writer not long ago had the pleasure of spending a Sunday with Edison at his home. Edison lives in a thoroughly up-to-date mansion of almost palatial proportions. It is situated on the crest of a hill which overlooks the little village of Llewellyn, New Jersey, which is about an hour's ride west from New York. Just at the base of the hill on which the house stands is Edison's great laboratory, where upwards of eighteen hundred men are kept constantly at work on his ideas.

Though Edison's rule of life is to be out of bed by seven o'clock in the morning, he makes an exception of Sunday. It is his "loafing-day." It is very hard to conceive of a time when the Edison brain is not working; for even on Sundays, in the quiet of his home, his notebook is ever at hand, and he often spends hours jotting down plans and ideas to be worked on during the coming week. As a rule, however, the children and the home absorb the larger portion of his time. In the pranks and antics of his youngest son, Theodore—aged four years—or "Teddy," as his father fondly calls him, Edison takes the greatest delight. On Sundays it is "Teddy's" duty to light all the cigars which Edison smokes—the average being about five a-day. "Teddy" will sit beside his father by the hour, watching the curling smoke ascend from the dwindling cigar. His match is ever ready. Often, to try his patience, Edison will smoke his cigar down to the last analysis, even sticking a penknife into the extreme end to get the last puff. "Teddy" stands the ordeal very well, and seems quite repaid for his long wait when allowed to light the "next one."

Edison has never been a great stickler for dress, and on Sunday he indulges his propensities for what he calls making himself comfortable. With a large pair of slippers on his feet, and wearing a suit of clothes that has evidently seen better days, he lounges about in odd nooks and corners of his rambling mansion, glancing over the American Sunday

newspapers or looking at picture-books with his children. Occasionally Edison accompanies his wife and daughter to church on Sunday afternoons, but it is not often that church entices him out of his old clothes. He once volunteered to go "just as he was," but Mrs. Edison would not hear of this, and so a species of deadlock arose. Another thing which has prevented Edison from being a church-member is his deafness. He cannot hear a word spoken unless it is almost shouted.

The story of how Edison became deaf is little known. When quite a lad, he travelled on the American trains—which are all of the corridor type—and made his living selling newspapers, magazines, and sweets. By arrangement with the guard in the baggage-van, he had a small corner where he studied chemistry at odd moments. One day, a piece of phosphorus dropped on the floor and set the car on fire. Though the flames were immediately extinguished, the guard was so angry that he threw all the chemical apparatus off the train and, by

way of punishment, lifted Edison by his ears. This violence broke both ear-drums, and the inventor became deaf permanently. Edison often says, however, that he prefers to be deaf. "You can think better," he said to me, when mentioning the train incident. "Besides," he added, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "there are lots of things that people say that are not worth hearing."

The habit of work is so strong in Edison that Mrs. Edison has to keep a pretty sharp watch on him on Sundays to prevent him from wandering off to the laboratory. Up to within a few years ago, Edison would stay a few hours at the laboratory each Sunday, but Mrs. Edison has put her veto on that. If she finds he has slipped out of the house on Sundays now, she will immediately go down to the laboratory and bring him back. He takes this all in good part and resigns himself to the inevitable.

Occasionally, on Sunday afternoons at home, Edison gives phonograph concerts. They are usually performed on especially made phonographs brought up to the highest perfection. Records from all parts of the world are used.

Edison has a large number of records which have been prepared especially for him. On the particular afternoon which the writer spent with Edison last year a selection from "Sonambula" was given. Edison had sent the record to Italy by one of his own agents, and had a great Italian operatic artist sing into it for him. Selections from famous operas, recitations, and other productions are "phonographed" for the entertainment of the family and also for that of visitors who may be calling at the Edison home.

On fine afternoons the Edison family may be seen driving about the pretty hills and valleys of "The Oranges," a select residential section of New Jersey. Edison has several very fine horses and delights in driving about with his wife and one or two of the children in an open carriage.

Altogether, the Edison "Sunday at Home" is an ideal day for one of the busiest men in the world. On week-days Edison works at such tremendous pressure that his Sundays are almost compulsory "Days of Rest."

W. B. NORTHRUP.



MR. EDISON THINKING OUT A NEW INVENTION.

THOMAS A. EDISON, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR, AT HIS HOME
IN NEW JERSEY.



A CORNER OF THE EDISON LABORATORY, SHOWING THE DESK THE INVENTOR ALWAYS USES.



MR. AND MRS. EDISON LOOKING OVER THEIR AUTOGRAPH-LETTER BOOK.

"BACK TO THE LAND."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR OF THE "HAPPY DISPATCH."



"I HUNTED THIS MORNING FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR."

"GOOD-MORNING!" I said. "I hear you bury treasures?"

The Editor shook me warmly by the hand.

"Stand by the door," he said, in a confidential undertone, "move to the right till the left-hand corner of the table is in a direct line with the ink-spot on the opposite wall, take three steps forward, and go down upon your hands and knees."

I looked round carefully, to make sure that there was no Police Magistrate in the room, and followed his instructions.

"No," he said, hurriedly, "you must not use your knife upon the carpet: it is quite unnecessary to do any injury to private property. In fact, we should be very grieved if anything of the kind were to happen—very deeply grieved indeed."

I probed under the edge of the carpet, but with no result. His face lit up with excitement, and he joined me on the floor.

"It is wonderful what a fascination this game has!" he said. "My servants at home have taken to laying the breakfast in the stables and leaving clues to it outside my bedroom door. I hunted this morning for three-quarters of an hour. Gave me quite an appetite, I assure you. Can you get your little finger in here?"

I got my finger in, but there was nothing else there.

"This is very strange and interesting," he said, standing up. "I certainly put half-a-sovereign on that spot."

He rang the bell and summoned his under-secretary.

"Have any treasure-hunters been here this morning?"

The under-secretary reflected. "There was, I think, the uncle of the assistant office-boy, sir. He said he had had a dream telling him to stand by the door, move to the right till the left-hand corner of the table was in a direct line with the ink-spot—"

"Stop! You let him take the treasure?"

"I understood, sir, that the honour of the paper was at stake."

The Editor rushed to the fireplace and felt under the fender. "There was a five-pound note there!"

"The second-cousin of the charwoman, sir, had a dream—"

"Wonderful!" I murmured. "Even the relatives of the staff of this up-to-date paper are wide-awake in their sleep."

"This adds a new danger to advertisement," gasped the Editor. He calmed down on being assured that each of those persons had been compelled to buy a copy of the paper before being allowed to search. "It is a principle of modern advertising," he told me, rather sadly, "that five pounds is well laid out if it secures one penny."

"It is an amusement of the wealthy."

"Quite so. You can with difficulty imagine the keen delight it gives me to go out on a dark night with any odd thousands I may have about me—say, the change left after the purchase of a motor-car or a local newspaper—and hide them in cracks in the pavement or behind policemen. I particularly like hiding a thousand behind a policeman: it worries him. He looks at it and scratches his head. 'Is this a lottery,' he says, 'or is it a game of skill?' My instructions are silent on the point. So he writes to the *Times*, and I laugh, Ha! ha! But those dreams upset me; they introduce an element of chance."

"Last night they seemed particularly definite and certain."

"Ah, but *they* were the dreams of relatives of members of the staff. Not everybody can be trusted to be so clever; and, if I should be held an accessory to thought-reading or oneirography it would be a cruel blow to the cause of philanthropy. Think of the interest which the *Happy Dispatch* brings into dull lives! What is more tedious than a regular income, however large?"

"They say that a bird in hand—" I hinted.

"To which I reply, 'Things won are done: joy's soul lies in the doing.' Mark how I carry out my principle." He rang again, and the under-secretary reappeared. The Editor handed him a short story.

"Read that, for thus will you combine literature and profit. I have hidden a cheque for your salary somewhere on the high-road between Manchester and Liverpool; that story will tell you exactly where."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the under-secretary, as he withdrew, with the joy of the chase reflected on his countenance.

"No member of my staff ever knows where he may not at any minute turn out a cheque drawn to himself. I have an office-boy who has just asked for a week's leave of absence to look for his salary in Kent. The clue was 'a certain hop-county'; it really is Hereford. He will come back brown and healthy. He had allowed himself to get run down by a prolonged search in Shoreditch, under the impression that that was what was meant by the information that a postal-order was resting in a gully by the sea. Clever boy that!"

"It is a great system," I murmured.

"Yes," he went on, with enthusiasm, "and capable of indefinite extension. We are only on the threshold of a revolution. I picture to myself a time when nobody will be sure of anything. Take politics, for instance."

"Yes, let us take politics."

"Nowadays, of course, in politics everybody knows where everybody stands."

"Precisely."

"Statesmen get up before public audiences and say exactly what the policy of a Government is."

"So they do; I never thought of that."

"Now why not alter all that? I don't know whether it has ever been tried, but why should not a Prime Minister simply make speeches full of cunningly devised clues? Let the hidden treasure be the policy of the Government—or the Opposition—take it which way you like—"

"Hidden—yes; but treasure—?"

"Of course, we should use other names according to circumstances. Let us say 'treasure' without prejudice. The Prime Minister should make a speech, wrapping up half-a-dozen clues in ten thousand words, and all the little politicians would read the speech with feverish anxiety and then go running about, all in different directions, looking everywhere for the Government Policy."

"What fun!" I exclaimed. "But how utterly impossible!"

"Then look at the effect upon Literature. Why, already my humble efforts have borne fruit in raising the standard of popular reading. The circulation of the *Happy Dispatch* during the last few weeks has shown a marked and gratifying increase."

I said I was very pleased to hear it, and that, indeed, I had just read of thirteen more of his disciples appearing at the Woolwich Police Court. I added that walking-sticks with garden-forks attached had been the chief implements used in the pursuit of knowledge.

He listened with interest. "But all that is very unnecessary: the things can be seen wherever they are without digging."

"But it is just where they can't be seen that people dig."

"I call it ridiculous to suggest that, because I put a treasure in one place, therefore I have invited people to dig in other and quite different places."

"It is absurd," I agreed. "But people do these things."

"Is it not one of the crying needs of this country that the people should go back to the land? And can you think of any way of bringing people back to the land better than hiding sovereigns in it? I tell you, that man on Hampstead Heath who was found at midnight with his nose to the ground, a carving-fork in one hand and a lighted candle in the other, was probably doing the first honest night's work he had done for years. And think what the system would do for Art—"

"I am afraid I must be going now," I murmured.

He reflected for a moment. "I think," he said, "it would be as well, under the circumstances, if you did not mention my name at present, or the name of the paper. Not, of course, that—"

"I will disguise them both beyond recognition," I replied.

"Good-bye. Let me lend you a clue."

And I hurried off to a glade in Epping Forest, where, seventeen paces from the foot of a tall pine, where a moss-covered stone makes a right-angle with a sheep-track leading north-east by east—

Having no friend of standing in the neighbourhood, I was constrained to accept the hospitality of a police-cell for the night.

ART IN PHOTOGRAPHY:

SOME NORWEGIAN SCENES AND CHARACTER-STUDIES.



AN OLD-TIMER.



"GRANDMOTHER."



THE COUNTRY MAIL-CARRIER.



SALMON-FISHING IN HARDANGER.



A SUMMER DAY ON THE BEACH.



PEASANT GIRLS.

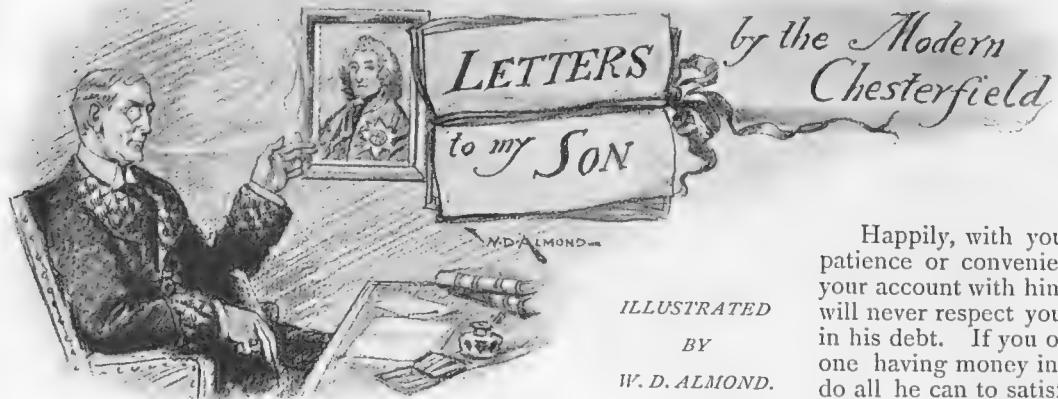


BRINGING IN THE WINTER SUPPLY OF LEAVES FOR THE GOATS.



A FISHERMAN.

Photographs by Wilse, Christiania.



ILLUSTRATED
BY
W. D. ALMOND.

IV.—ON DRESS.

MON CHER FILS,—I was much amused by your last letter. It so thoroughly expressed my own feelings that I might well have written it myself. Yet, I believe, we have never discussed the subject together. Another proof in favour of my pet doctrine of heredity!

Dress, men's dress, as you in all verity remark, seems to be the sole prerogative of the Englishman. I refer, needless to say, to civilised nations, not to those gentlemen who have adopted the pigtail or to those other males who have preferred a modified edition of their father Adam's simple but airy costume. These we can surely afford to leave out in the consideration of man's attire. From the climatic point of view, both are impossible so far as we Englishmen are concerned. We have, therefore, created a costume suitable to our requirements, to our caricature of a climate, and to our ideas of manly beauty. That we have succeeded in creating an admirable style of dress is, to a certain extent, proved by the fact that there is not a capital in Europe without its tailor's-shop to which the appreciative foreigner has given the title of "Old England," nor a hosier whose best stock is not devoted to shirts, gloves, and ties *à la mode Anglaise*.

"THE SUCKING STOCKBROKER."

In Paris it is *le chic* to try and dress like an Englishman, though I admit that the attempt is not always a success, and even in so-called cousinly America the man who has any idea of clothes at all invariably imports them from London Town. London, in a word, is the Mecca of the modern D'Orsay. It is the only capital in all the wide, wide world where the tailors—decent tailors, of course—are one and all possessed of good taste, good cloth, good cutters, and, above all, of almost limitless patience. I would sooner be possessed of a couple of suits from Conduit Street than a whole wardrobe emanating from the Nevski Prospect.

This superiority of ours staggers me not a little, I confess. Were it purely a question of cloth, I could the better understand it; but it is not. Cloth coming from the British Isles is doubtless the best the world produces, but it would be very little better than the products of the looms of Austria were it cut by a Viennese snip.

And here is further proof of my contention. Compare, I beg you, the photographs of foreign Royalties—in *musti, bien entendu*—with those of our own rulers in the same costume. There is not a coat on the back of one of the foreign Royalties that we would dare to be seen in on our walks at home or abroad, while those adorning the backs of members of our own Royal House have been so good that we have promptly employed the same tailor.

In my opinion, King Edward VII. is ideally

well-dressed. It is absurd to say that he leads the "fashions," for he does not, but he adopts the more becoming of them so successfully to his own requirements that many are led into the belief that he has inaugurated them. He is never obviously well-dressed, and when you look, however closely, at him, you are conscious of a perfect *ensemble* without carrying away the impression of a single detail. And that, after all, is the whole art of being well-dressed.

Happily, with you dress is not entirely a matter of your tailor's patience or convenience. You are quite right, however, never to let your account with him fall below or rise above a hundred pounds. He will never respect you or cut your clothes well if you are not decently in his debt. If you owe him a substantial account, he regards you as one having money in his business—an interested party—and he will do all he can to satisfy you. But if you pay him cash for all he does for you, he will look upon you as a slippery customer, unworthy of his regard. Great indeed are the powers of credit properly used.

There are many good tailors in London Town, and he to whom we have been so long is as good as any of them. He cuts not *à l'Allemande*, I admit, but that is an evanescent mode which I leave for the moment to the young Guardsman and the sucking stockbroker. Besides, I am still Britisher and insular enough to prefer to be dressed by my fellow-countrymen according to my fellow-countrymen's taste. Moreover, I would rather be in my fellow-countrymen's debt than in that of any exile. So, if I were you, I should not be led away by a passing fashion to desert an old friend. Leave your hyper-elegant waists and your swallow-winged waistcoats to those whose business it is to look obviously well-dressed, and be content to model yourself on the English gentleman.

As regards your hosiery, your boots, and your hats, too, I would beg you to be subdued. Let your shirts be simple, and avoid such abominations as the double cuff and the tie that is so wonderfully arranged that one wonders how in the name of Heaven it ever allowed itself to be so twisted. Believe with me that there is nothing as smart as a black tie with a pearl pin, and that a plain clocked sock is far neater than a shot-silk creation to which the eye is attracted like steel to a magnet. As for your boots, confine them, if possible, to not more than two species of leather. The competition to see how many hides can be utilised to make up a shoe is exciting, but little short of indecent. It is not smart to shoot out a many-hued foot as one takes one's walks abroad. It merely indicates your relationship with Throgmorton Street. So, too, does your grey billycock hat.

But, *fil de mon cœur*, this letter was never intended to be one of advice, but rather of criticism in response to your amusing note. Knowing your inherited good taste, I have little fear for your future appearance.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.



"THERE IS NOT A CAPITAL IN EUROPE WITHOUT ITS TAILOR'S-SHOP TO WHICH THE APPRECIATIVE FOREIGNER HAS GIVEN THE TITLE OF 'OLD ENGLAND.'"

Tennyson's Heroines. * *Drawn by A. Forestier.*

IX.—“THE MAY QUEEN.”

“For I’m to be Queen o’ the May, mother, I’m to be Queen o’ the May.”

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE article in the current *Quarterly* on the late Lord Salisbury's contributions to the great Conservative review will have prepared readers for the announcement that a selection of these papers will be published by Mr. Murray, under the editorship of Lord Robert Cecil. I hope that room will be found for the political articles contributed by Lord Salisbury to the short-lived *Bentley's Quarterly*, in many ways the most characteristic of his writings.

The two volumes which Mr. Thomas Wright has devoted to the Life of Edward FitzGerald (Grant Richards) would have found their most impatient and angry critic in FitzGerald himself. Readers will, on the whole, be grateful to the author. Mr. Wright has, with infinite pains, gathered the traditions of FitzGerald which still linger among his surviving friends, and brought them together in a convenient form. Of FitzGerald's achievement he can tell us little that is new. The translation of "Omar" has proved itself congenial to the public mood, and has been one of the most popular poems of the day, a fate which FitzGerald could never have anticipated for it. It carries in its polished stanzas the whole burden of his lifelong meditation on the problems of destiny. To FitzGerald's letters Mr. Wright makes little addition, though he has been allowed to quote from some yet unpublished. As the translator of "Omar," and as one of the first letter-writers in the language, FitzGerald has written his name deep beyond risk of erasure. For the rest, Mr. Wright is able to add another to the list of FitzGerald's sweethearts.

It seems that, in his youth, he proposed to Caroline Crabbe, the grand-daughter of the poet. Though the lady refused him, she remained unmarried and was FitzGerald's friend to the last. On the somewhat painful incident of FitzGerald's marriage we have some new light. When he was nearly fifty and the lady was two years older, he married his old friend, Lucy Barton, daughter of the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton. The marriage lasted only some six months, when the two parted for ever. It seems that Miss Barton believed very much in dressing for dinner and in other habits of good society. FitzGerald had fallen out of these ways and could not be reclaimed. He remonstrated violently against the process of conversion employed by his wife, and so they sundered. Both seem to have borne it reasonably well, living many years after their severance. In FitzGerald's life, friendship counted for much more than love, as is not uncommon, and the man who possessed among his friends Thackeray, Tennyson, James Spedding, and many others, was not without solace in his life. As often happens, the greatest friend of all was unknown to fame. In Mr. Kenworthy Browne, a Bedford gentleman, FitzGerald found his closest companion.

The poetical works of Christina Georgina Rossetti have been published in one volume by Messrs. Macmillan. They are edited by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, with a memoir and notes. Mr. Rossetti, in the New Poems of his sister, which he collected and edited after her death, showed an imperfect knowledge of Miss Rossetti's work, but his

mistakes appear to be corrected here, and it is no small advantage to have all the writings of so great a poetess within one pair of covers. I think, however, that it was Mr. Rossetti's clear duty to distinguish in this complete edition between the poems published by his sister in her lifetime and those which have been found in manuscript. For the rest, the work is well enough done, and the devotional poems issued by the "S.P.C.K." greatly enrich the store. Mr. Rossetti has prefixed a memoir in his well-known manner. It is commendably brief and gives a good many facts. I fancy Mr. Rossetti understates his sister's range of reading. He ought certainly to have stated the fact that she contemplated at one time a memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe. Her letter to the *Athenaeum*, in which she asks for help, shows that she had mastered the available sources. It can also be shown that her range of reading in theology was a good deal wider than her brother thinks. Mr. Rossetti mentions for the first time the names of Christina's lovers. Her first love-affair was with James Collinson, a domestic painter enrolled in the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. It began when she was only seventeen and ended about two years later. James Collinson had been a member of the Church of England and had passed over to Roman Catholicism. Miss Rossetti informed him that this was an insuperable obstacle. Poor Collinson reverted to the English Church, proposed to Christina again, and was accepted. By-and-by, he went back to the Roman Catholics, and Christina cancelled the engagement. He lived till 1881. The next lover was C. B. Cayley, a man of letters and an author, who appeared on the stage in 1860. He was an unworldly student, and produced a meritorious translation of Dante's "Commedia" in the original metre. Mr. Cayley, who was a brother of the illustrious mathematician, Arthur Cayley, was brought up in the Church of England, but his religious opinions were hazy. Miss Rossetti loved him deeply and permanently, but he could not pass her tests, and she declined his proposal, but without ceasing to see and to cherish him as a friend. Mr. Rossetti tells us that his sister loved the scholarly recluse to the last day of his life (Dec. 5, 1883), and, to the last day of her own, his memory. It would seem that neither Mr. Collinson nor Mr. Cayley ever married. Mr. Cayley lived quietly in his Bloomsbury lodging till the end came—"an inward and unmaterial life, faintly perceptive of external facts and appearances." He united great sweetness to great simplicity of character, and was not less polite than unworldly.

O. O.



"And have you a bath-room in the house?"

"Yes. My charge is sixpence a—"

"Oh, no! It isn't that, but my husband likes a place where he can develop his photographs."

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"THE AMERICAN PRISONER."
By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
(Methuen, 6s.)

The romance of many threads, if carefully handled, has always a better chance of becoming permanent literature than the thinner stories, in vogue of recent years, that chase a single character from cover to cover of the book without quitting sight of him for a moment. There is a sense of relief, therefore, in the shifting scenes and wide range of characterisation in Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new novel of Dartmoor, which possesses all the elements of pure romance skilfully wrought into a living entity. The fortunes of the last of the house of Malherb afford the true stuff for fiction. Maurice Malherb, the slightly hare-brained survivor of a turbulent line, comes on the scene prepared to make a last throw to repair the family prestige. He is none too well off, and the family talisman, an exquisite antique amphora, rivalling the Portland vase, has disappeared, stolen, Malherb believes, by an old retainer, Lovey Lee, a character that may very well be set beside Meg Merrilees herself. The recovery of the treasure is, however, only one of Malherb's schemes for rehabilitation. He adventures his last penny on an upland farm on stubborn Dartmoor, and strives to wed his daughter Grace to Peter Norcot, a wealthy wool-stapler, whose power of poetical quotation is a solemn warning to gentlemen of wide reading and ready memory. Norcot, on this and other grounds, is offensive to Grace, and the girl's heart is given elsewhere. The problem of her affections recalls the jest of Lytton's Clodius, that of Love there are many counterfeits, but the imitations are not bad little gods. For a time the girl believes herself in love with her own groom, John Lee, grandson to Lovey Lee, and, in reality, an unlawful scion of the Malherbs—own cousin, in fact, to Grace. But she finds the early passion eclipsed by the entry, somewhat late, perhaps, for sympathy, of Cecil Stark, the American prisoner, one of those detained at Princetown Jail during the war with France and America in 1812. Stark, with his many plots to escape durance, brings a new element of adventure into the story, but to the end we are faithful to John Lee, who is only less attractive than the fiercely passionate figure of Maurice Malherb. The setting of the novel is complete and satisfying. The alternating mildness and ferocity of Nature on Dartmoor are admirably reflected in the characters, and the minor rustic actors are conceived entirely in the manner of Hardy's earlier work. Yet they are not in any way copies. If fiction be for the refreshment of the human spirit and not for its torture or bewilderment, then Mr. Phillpotts has succeeded to admiration.

"PHOEBE IN FETTERS."
By MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.
(Murray, 6s.)

heroine a charming, self-sacrificing, hard-working girl, cheering her poverty-stricken home by her presence—indeed, a very pattern of a maid. Hey, presto! he suddenly finds himself deep in the intricacies of a novel with a problem—and such a problem! The little heroine is suddenly transformed into a perfectly unreasonable woman who is greedy of praise and admiration. The matter at issue (which, alas for the patience of the reviewer, remains at issue for some two hundred and fifty pages!) between Phoebe and her husband is so entirely beyond the range of fiction that it is to be deprecated any author should have considered it a suitable subject to intrude into the pages of a novel—far less have selected it as the *raison d'être* of the book. The choice is the more to be deplored as talent has gone to the making of the story; some of the dialogue is spontaneous and easy, and the book here and there shows shrewd observation; but the chief situations, notably the burning of four-year-old Geoffrey at his birthday-party, are too sensational.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF TOLSTOY.
Taken at Moscow, exclusively for "The Sketch," by his eldest son,
Count Leo Tolstoy.

"THE DIAMONDS."
By J. S. FLETCHER.
(Digby, Long. 6s.)

Mr. J. S. Fletcher, deciding to write a melodramatic novel, must have approached his task with the amiable intention of crediting each of the three-and-sixty stones which give his book its title with the responsibility of a violent death. Doubtless owing to limitations of space, he has not succeeded in this aim, but he may solace himself with the reflection that, even as it is, "The Diamonds" have caused more trouble than those of the indiscreet Anne of Austria and that they deserve to rank with those gems whose history is writ large in the annals of crime. After all, he has done his best to secure them fame. His first "Episode" accounts for three murders and a death under the shots of prison-warders; his second for one murder, a death by drink, and a death in a glass-melting furnace; his fourth for yet another murder; and his fifth for a death from heart-disease complicated by prussic acid—a rough average of one death to every thirty-five pages. Nor do the murders lack variety. The methods adopted by his series of criminals are as numerous as those criminals' crimes—a silken "cord of death," "the seaman's knife," "a stout piece of wood that had once formed the lintel of a doorway," "the heavy stone," and a pleasant combination of starvation and rats. These are supported, to use a theatrical and, therefore, appropriate term, by a set of rogues whose doings would have been a fortune to the sensational Press, a brass-bound box with a false bottom, a strong-minded lady with a taste for horsewhipping, sundry minor personages, and the inevitable detective. As to the writing of the book, one of Mr. Fletcher's own characters may speak: "He wasted no words, he kept strictly to his narrative, he never stopped to moralize, nor went out of his way to make comments, he told a plain tale in a plain fashion."

"AS THE SPARKS FLY UPWARD."
By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.
(Moring.)

It is in her ballad poetry that Mrs. Shorter succeeds, and

the best poem of her most recent collection is, almost beyond a doubt, the charming legend of "Kathleen's Charity." The writer is indeed to be praised for the judgment that has led her to avoid the material affected by the victims of the ultra-Celtic craze (material that is rapidly becoming artificial "stock") and to deal with the great natural emotions and affections. Where

she touches legend, it is, as in the ballad mentioned, to keep close touch with humanity, and thereby the poetic gain is great. There is the right ring, too, in the many pieces of the present volume that are inspired by the pathos and passion of maternity, and "The Child" is admirably imagined. The theme of the mother's struggle between pride in her grown son and regret for the babe that has vanished may not be new, but Mrs. Shorter's treatment of the subject may very well stand beside Stevenson's fine lines in "Underwoods." They gain, too, by contrast with the man's view.

The recovery of Count Tolstoy from his long illness is a matter for sincere rejoicing both in Russia and in the many countries where his name is a household word. The Count, who is in his seventy-sixth year, has in his wife not only a devoted nurse, but also an assistant in his literary labours, for she copies out his manuscripts, interviews his publishers, and in many other ways renders him inestimable services. Portraits of Count Tolstoy have from time to time appeared in these pages, the last representing him during his illness, lying in a chair, propped up with pillows. The photograph given herewith possesses exceptional interest from more than one point of view. In the first place, it is the latest taken of the great Russian; in the second, it is the work of his son, Count Leo Tolstoy, who, on seeing a picture of his father which appeared in *The Sketch* some time ago, remarked to the friend who pointed it out, "I will take you a better one than that," with this result.

THE HUMOURIST AND THE COCKNEY SPORTSMAN.



EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER: "Dear old Chappie, . . . I had, as you know, intended to propose to that oofy Miss Martin in the hunting-field on Thursday. We hardly met all day, however, and, when we did, the moment seemed hardly favourable. . . ?"

(A VOICE: "DOWN WITH CHAMBERLAIN!")

—DAILY PAPER.



THE OWNER OF THE VOICE

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.



"YOU BEAUTY! BEEN TO SEE THE WRESTLING, HAVE YOU?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"RED RUIN": A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.*

By ESTELLE BURNEY.

CHARACTERS: MARTIN BOWMAN and LADY ELIZABETH BOWMAN (*his wife*); MR. TRILL (*a solicitor*).

The scene is set in MARTIN BOWMAN'S library, Lower Grosvenor Place. Large fireplace c. back; two doors, one on either side of fireplace, door R. opening into dining-room, door L. into hall and vestibule beyond. The room is large and beautifully furnished. Time, something after midnight. Discovered, MARTIN BOWMAN and MR. TRILL.

MARTIN, who is gazing into the fire, his face wan and haggard, signs of mental disturbance written all over him, is a small, dapper man, age about thirty, clean-shaven, clever and shrewd, no signs of breed about him. MR. TRILL is a genial-faced, silver-haired old gentleman, the confidential solicitor who is at once the friend and the adviser of the family.

MARTIN (in a broken voice, on rise of curtain). Well, it's ruin!

TRILL (kindly, as he lays a hand on MARTIN'S shoulder). Not so bad as that if you are brave and cut down expenses at once and all round. Forgive me, my boy, but haven't you put on the pace a bit too fast since your marriage?

MARTIN (doggedly). Perhaps. That's my fault.

TRILL (with a lift of his eyebrows as if in protest and striving to speak cheerfully). We must sell the yacht. Frampton Towers will soon find a tenant, and, once the lease of this house disposed of and you and your wife settled in something snug and a bit smaller—

MARTIN. Three rooms and a kitchen, with a maid-of-all-work! (Then, with a groan, as he buries his face between his hands and throws himself into a chair). Oh, poor Betty, poor Betty!

TRILL. Lady Elizabeth knows nothing yet? (As MARTIN shakes his head in dissent) Is that quite fair to her?

MARTIN. I have spared her as long as I could, but, of course, she will have to know now. She would have remained at home to-night—she is out at some Society business or other—finding that I could not accompany her, but that I wouldn't have it. I shall wait up for her and get it over.

TRILL (with a little hesitation). But, Bowman, is it fair for you to take all the blame of the crash on yourself? Lady Elizabeth has done her share of the spending, I think.

MARTIN (interposing). I tell you that I am to blame there.

TRILL (pursuing, regardless of the interruption). And her people have dipped into your banking account pretty freely.

MARTIN (with some bitterness). Oh, that was in the bond! An out-at-elbows Peer who gives his daughter in marriage to the son of a little Jew tradesman claims a share of the plunder as a due. But I didn't marry Betty to oblige her bankrupt relatives. I married her for the sole but sufficient reason that I had lost my head over her.

TRILL (with a laugh). And five years of matrimony have not helped you to find it again. We all know you worship the ground she walks on.

MARTIN. That's my excuse, for I took a mean advantage of her when I married her. She loved someone else.

TRILL (bursting out). And accepted you?

MARTIN. She told me the truth and left the decision with me. Some pauper they wouldn't let her have. I have never known who he was.

TRILL (in some surprise). Extraordinary! And I had fancied that your union—ill-assorted on the surface—was actually a great success.

MARTIN. And so it is. Betty gave me her confidence and has never withdrawn it. I have known her every thought and I have known, too, how to make her happy. But I have had my secret, and it serves me right, perhaps, that jealousy of him should have poisoned my existence. I've imagined him like one of the lucky fellows who dance round my wife, seven foot high, all muscle and no brain; and that for brain (as he snaps his fingers in TRILL'S face), for I'd give my soul to be like any one of 'em instead of the white-faced, City whipper-snapper, who has been kept with his nose to the grindstone since he was eighteen, that I am. My one advantage over him has been the money. I've bought her diamonds to outdo him. I've egged her on to every extravagance, to crush him, the poor brute who couldn't afford a Betty. Oh, I've had the best of him, triumphed over him, laughed at him, and envied him with that unspeakable envy of poor human nature at its lowest! And so I've piloted the ship on to the rocks, and my wife does not share the responsibility for my shipwreck, but she will suffer for it. (Then, as he breaks down and turns in desperate appeal to TRILL) Oh, my God, Trill, can nothing be done to save her from this?

TRILL (kindly). I fear not. You must pick up your courage with

* All Acting Rights Reserved.

both hands and trust her. Women are braver than we are. You do trust her?

MARTIN. Wholly. Oh, she will be all right! I have neither complaints nor reproaches to fear. She will be ready to comfort and help all she can. It is I who will writhe to see her shorn of the luxury I have gloried in giving her. For what is left me to give? I had but my wealth. She was prevented in her generous girlhood from sharing poverty with the man she loved, and to-day she must share it with me. (As he leans against the mantel-shelf, his face buried in his arms, while TRILL stands beside him in silent sympathy, the sound of the closing hall-door is heard. The men start slightly. MARTIN looks up.)

MARTIN (as he nods his head at TRILL). Yes, here she is. (He moves L., half-opens door, and listens.) There's someone with her.

TRILL. Can't I get away through the dining-room and let myself out?

MARTIN (his head in a listening attitude). It is only her brother, I expect, who is seeing her home. I can't catch the voice.

TRILL (as he picks up his brief-bag full of papers and moves hastily R. towards dining-room). Still, it's late; I would rather not be delayed.

MARTIN (suddenly, as he half-closes the door). Ah, he is gone! She is alone.

TRILL. Good-night, Bowman. I'll see you at the office to-morrow, ten sharp. (He nods in friendly fashion to BOWMAN, and exit TRILL R. as MARTIN BOWMAN moves away from door L. and enter BETTY.)

[LADY ELIZABETH BOWMAN is a slight, graceful, pretty young woman, aged about twenty-three. She is very pale and is evidently labouring under the stress of great emotion, an emotion that her husband, in his own nervousness, does not at first notice.

MARTIN (as he moves away from her up to a side-table and pours himself out a liqueur of brandy). Ah, Betty, here you are! Had a pleasant evening, dear? (He talks in disjointed sentences, not waiting for her replies, nor even noticing her silence; he drains off the brandy and then restlessly paces the room.) Was that Cis with you? I half-expected he would have come in.

[BETTY strives to answer, but cannot command her voice; he, however, notices nothing in his preoccupation and anxiety. Meanwhile, she, as if to free herself, has taken off her jewels—necklet, tiara, bracelets—and dropped the trinkets in a shining heap on a table beside her. She then moves centre stage, footlights.

MARTIN (suddenly attracted by the sight of the jewels as he stops short in his walk and, picking up a necklet, runs it through his fingers). You have taken off your jewels?

BETTY. I felt their weight.

MARTIN. Are you so tired? Do you want to get to bed?

BETTY (slowly). I have something to say to you first.

MARTIN (as he lets the necklace fall, his attention at last aroused). You have something to say to me! That's odd.

BETTY. Is it? When am I slow to bring you my troubles, or you disinclined to listen to them?

MARTIN (going to her). What's troubling you?

BETTY. Martin, do you ever regret that you married me?

MARTIN (with a smile). No, Betty, I never regret it, and if that is all that's the matter—

BETTY (in a low voice). You give so much.

MARTIN. And am so happy in the giving. (He hesitates a moment, and then) I would rather have your affection than the love of any woman. I set out at the start to win your complete trust. I am paid. As to any risk I ran, I've never given it a second thought. I knew you would loyally do your best to forget, and I knew, too, that if—by ill-luck—he crossed your path again, you would come straight to me for guidance.

BETTY (simply). He's here, and I've come to you.

[MARTIN sways a moment, as if stunned, gives one deep-drawn sigh, turns away, and remains silent for a second in an evident effort to get back his self-control before he speaks.

MARTIN (after a pause). Well, it's a nasty blow, and I could wish it had fallen at another hour (as he turns to her again). You met him to-night, of course (as he watches her), and the sight of him has revived the old pain, eh? Poor Betty! Oh, tell me as little or as much as you like! (Then, with decision) You mustn't see him again; we will guard against that. Who is it? I shall have to know now. (In the face of her obstinate silence and visible emotion he begins to get alarmed, and, going up to her) Ah, don't shrink from me! I'm not blaming you.

BETTY (sobbing). Oh, Martin! Oh, Martin!

MARTIN. It cuts so deep after all these years. He spoke to you?

BETTY. He brought me home.

MARTIN (*with a start*). Ah, Betty!

BETTY (*passionately*). He has been here before. We see him constantly, but I didn't know my danger—until to-night I didn't know.

MARTIN (*in horror*). What's this?

BETTY (*as she turns her tear-stained face to him*). Can't you see what it is? Oh, Martin, take care of me!

MARTIN (*with a cry of misery, as he falls into a chair*). Oh—oh—oh!

BETTY. No one can help me but you. You've always been good to me—be good to me still and keep me safe. You must see that I want to be safe. (*She flings herself on her knees at his feet*.)

MARTIN (*with ungovernable fury, as he forces back her head and looks her in the eyes*). His name—that first! (*Springing up, he lifts her to her feet*.) Who is it, quick? (*Wildly*) Just a minute ago and he was with you alone! Ah, he drove home with you alone! Will you give me this man's name?

BETTY. What for?

MARTIN (*with a burst of laughter*). What for? You're wonderful! That I may feel my fingers at his throat! You little know! I'd have been ashamed that you should know how the thought of him has dogged me.

BETTY. But the peril is mine—what does he matter? I'm drowning and you talk of him.

MARTIN. And what passed between you? What did he say? What did you answer? How much does he know of all this?

BETTY. Nothing. It was easy enough to lie to him.

MARTIN (*with a sigh of relief*). Ah, you resisted! It is not so bad! You've given me a terrible fright, but there's hope left. (*As he tries to collect himself*) You've been seeing him ever since our marriage?

BETTY. Not ever since (*she puts up her hand to check his questioning*), but—well, I've met him frequently.

MARTIN. And until to-night with complete indifference?

BETTY. I've thought so—or rather, Martin, I've tried not to think at all. I see it now.

MARTIN (*refusing to believe in his misfortune*). No, no, no! It can't be. You've laughed and sung about the house. It cannot be that all this while you've loved him! (*BETTY is silent*.) Until to-night he has spoken no word of love to you, not since our marriage? (*BETTY shakes her head*.) And to-night he has dared? Ah, Betty, you should not have been seeing him constantly (*the words half-choking him*). But, after all, at the first word he utters you have turned to me, while against him you defended yourself?

BETTY (*slowly*). Yes, but had he known while he was speaking what I felt, I should have been powerless.

MARTIN (*in desperation*). But you kept your self-control. You controlled him. He—he didn't kiss you?

BETTY. No. (*Repeating in a lover voice*) No. (*Then, in a passionate outburst*) But if he had, I was lost!

MARTIN (*with a groan*). My God!

BETTY (*with the same passionate emotion*). Ah, don't let us deceive ourselves! I am turning to you for salvation—fail me, and I am gone.

MARTIN (*anguished*). But what has he done to you, this man, that all my love has not availed to wipe him out? If you knew what you were to me, and I—I thought I had made you happy.

BETTY. And I was happy (*as she wrings her hands*). Oh, that I could go back, that I could go back! This misery has come upon me and I can hardly yet believe it. I wouldn't believe it when it stirred in my blood. I was blind when it looked me in the eyes. I've not deceived you. The past that was dead is alive again. (*She sits*.)

MARTIN (*going to her*). What holds you to me?

BETTY (*choking with sobs*). You've been so good. I remember all your goodness. What you've done for my people—everything. It's stabbing me through, the thought of it.

MARTIN (*bitterly*). You're grateful! Ah, Betty, have you no mercy, to give me gratitude?

BETTY. It's not that alone—I'm frightened. I don't want to be wicked, and you will save me?

MARTIN. In spite of yourself! What do you ask?

BETTY. But it's not in spite of myself. I'm in chains, but I long to be free. I think of him and remember, but I hate the thoughts I can't escape. I am fighting with all my strength.

MARTIN (*interrupting her*). Oh, that's enough! (*As he paces the stage in perplexity*) And who is it? It seems as if I knew, and when I try to see his face the clue goes. (*He turns, and their eyes meet, she expecting at every second that he will come out with the familiar name. As he puzzles and thinks over the past*) He wasn't in a position to keep you, and your people wouldn't hear of it. That was it? An insignificant person of less importance even than I. Ah, poor Betty, I must master myself before I can come to your aid, and how am I to do it? How escape from the thought of him, that man who has got you so fast? How live down the longing to go for him? (*Angrily*) For he ought to have let you alone. He knows what he is doing. (*He grinds his teeth*.) Ah me! The fact of it is, there's a pretty contrast between the tidy, respectable, brushed-up citizen I am on the outside, and the me who loves you. Your mother knows he is about, of course, and has seen him here. (*Reflecting*) For here he has been, one among all these men who pass through the house, and I have taken him by the hand.

BETTY (*quickly*). You shan't again.

MARTIN. Can I rely on that?

BETTY. Yes. (*Then, suddenly*) Could we get away for a bit to the sea or the country or somewhere, just you and I alone? That would be best of anything. (*MARTIN looks at her, suddenly overwhelmed at the recollection of what is going on*.) (*BETTY, gently, as she returns his look*) I am sure you want the holiday badly. You have been looking so ill and worried of late, Martin! Couldn't you manage it?

MARTIN (*quietly*). No, Betty. (*He looks at her, hesitates, while she watches him, takes a turn up stage, returns to her, and then begins*) I—I— (*He stops short, and, with a shrug*) You've gone through enough for one night; the rest will keep. You must get rid of him here—how will you do it?

BETTY. I shall tell him that, after what happened to-night, I can't receive him. You shan't meet him again, I promise you. (*Her voice broken with emotion as she goes up to him*) Oh, Martin, you are—well, you are just as I expected to find you! I never look to you in vain. I'm torn to pieces, but, in the midst of it all, this much in me stands firm: I belong to you and to nobody else, and all misfortune, even such a misfortune as this, we share in common and must bear together.

MARTIN (*echoing*). Together! And what will your life be like, eh? Is it over? Shall I nevermore see you happy and smiling as of old? But you have no alternative; this is the only road that lies open to such a woman as you, and your husband won't fail you, Betty. Now get to bed. You're fairly worn-out, and so am I.

BETTY. And you are worried? Oh, I am sure of it! There is something, some business trouble that is worrying you, Martin. Tell me the truth.

MARTIN (*grimly, and after a pause*). Well, yes, there is something.

BETTY. And I have added this.

MARTIN (*with the calm of settled despair*). No, you have added nothing. You have swept life clear of all such trifles as were worrying me. Here is the end of the world. Oh, to-morrow, no doubt, we shall pick up the threads and get on somehow, and then I will tell you all, but to-night I cannot. Nothing seems to matter any more. (*He puts up his hand to check her reply*.) Ah! leave me, dear, please. I must be alone.

[*MARTIN, at the end of his endurance, stands, his eyes fixed, striving vainly to keep back the tears that he brushes one by one from his cheeks, but, as the curtain comes slowly down, he finally gives way, and, falling into a seat, sobs outright.*]

CURTAIN.





HISTORY has a habit of repeating itself more often in theatrical matters, perhaps, than in any other mundane affairs. At times this repetition takes the form of several plays of the same pattern or dealing with the same more or less historical character. At others, it assumes the shape of County Councilised or "unco guid" attacks upon the Stage and all its works, as respectively shown of late in a couple of very flagrant cases. Sometimes, as though Fate kindly arranged to vary the monotony, divines even of the Nonconforming type hold forth in toleration and even approval of the Drama, as the Rev. Dr. Clifford and the Rev. R. J. Campbell did a day or two ago. Now and again, a few more or less faddish folk crop up and demand a State-aided Theatre. Next, it is a mutiny against matinée-hats and batches of letters to the papers advocating the abolition of such headgear. And so on.

Even as I write, much bitterness of heart is rife because three out of five new West-End productions have been fixed for the same evening, namely, next Tuesday, the 16th. The three threatened clashing productions are respectively the adaptation of M. Brieux's judicial drama, "La Robe Rouge," at present called "The Arm of the Law," at the Garrick; the comic opera, "Amorelle" (music by M. Serpette), at the Comedy; and Mr. J. H. Leigh's revival of "Romeo and Juliet," at the Court. Now undoubtedly Mr. Leigh can claim precedence as to time of announcement. In fact, his date was given in *The Sketch* some time before Christmas. Still, seeing that "Romeo and Juliet" is not quite so new as the other two pieces mentioned, and bearing in mind that "Amorelle" has been seen before, namely, at the Kennington Theatre, I make no doubt that something may yet be done to prevent this triple clashing. At the same time, it has to be confessed that Mr. Bourchier was the latest to announce definitely a date.

"A Queen's Romance," to be produced by Mr. Lewis Waller at the Imperial, is due to-morrow night (Thursday), and Mr. Anthony Hope's comedy, "Captain Dieppe," seems likely to be submitted at the Duke of York's next Saturday. As regards "A Queen's Romance," adapted by Mr. John Davidson from Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," I am wondering whether Mr. Waller has allowed Mr. Davidson to retain the ending kept by the original Ruy (Fechter), who died rolling about the stage. Moreover, concerning "Captain Dieppe," I am expecting to find certain things that were in the play when first produced in America either cut out or much altered.

Another kind of thing that is often repeated in theatrical history is friction with the Licensor of Plays. This, it will be remembered, recently bobbed up again in connection with a drama called "The White Slaves of London," written by Mr. Arthur Shirley, who has since arranged to send the play on tour *without a title!* There is also a

rumour abroad that the Licensor lately objected to certain anti-Royalty passages in the new American-made play, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," which has *not*, after all, been secured for the British Isles by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. There was certainly no such licensing trouble with the two other plays on the same subject produced at the West-End some years ago. These were respectively "Haddon Hall," written by Mr. Sydney Grundy for the Savoy, and "Dorothy Vernon," a more serious play, written by Mr. J. W. Boulding, a very cultured poetical dramatist, and produced at a Savoy matinée about the same time—just to show that there was no ill-feeling.

I am expecting, alas, some little trouble with the Licensor concerning a new comedy-drama written by Mr. Cyril Hallward, and entitled (at present) "Sadducee and Sinner." Mr. Scott-Buist tells me that he has booked this piece to be given, with a strong cast, for a trial-week at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, prior to a West-End production if all goes well. I may warn you to expect to find the heroine of this play quite a *risqué* character.

I learn that Mr. Gilbert's new play for Mr. Arthur Bourchier is quite a return to his old fantastic form. Mr. Bourchier has a character which, like the same author's Sentry in "Iolanthe," thinks of (and speaks) things that would astonish you. If *Sketch* readers want to set themselves a little task to trace the basis of Mr. Gilbert's latest work, I fancy they will find a clue in a certain well-known book of stories by the same gifted author.



MR. WILLIE EDOUIN
AS DR. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE CROW IN
"AMORELLE."
Photograph by Ellis and Waller, Baker Street, W.

It may be as well to warn consumers of theatrical rumours to be on their guard concerning certain statements which have just been printed as regards Sir Henry Irving's arrangements when he returns to England. These statements, mostly culled from irresponsible American *flâneurs*, include a prediction as to certain London performances of his at the end of his American tour in April. On this point I have only to remind our readers that he will not be able to play in London at all during 1904.



Mr. R. Groome.

Mr. J. W. Ivimey.

Mr. R. Grice.

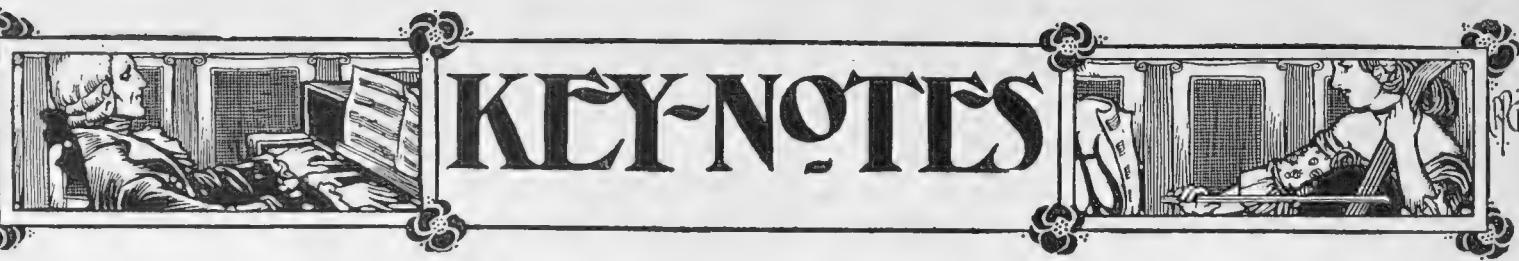
Mr. L. Fenton.

Mr. Newton Ide.

"THE KING'S MUSKETEERS" AS ROBIN HOOD'S MINSTRELS IN THE PANTOMIME AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.

Photograph by Warwick Brookes, Manchester.

In Mr. Landon Ronald's latest composition, "Six Love Songs," he shows how much he improves with each new song he writes. In "April's Here!" this composer has given us a most charming and delicate composition; he makes you feel the sentiment of spring; the accompaniment is full of meaning and of that effectiveness which one associates with a Southern spring day. The only thing we would have altered is the finale, which we rather think should have died away in a gentle whisper.



KEY-NOTES

THE public appearances of M. Ysaye are always of singular interest to the artistic world, and last week he gave an Orchestral Concert, conducted by M. René Ortmans, giving for his programme Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D, Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto in B Minor, and Mozart's Violin Concerto in E-flat

Major. This player is, indeed, a very great artist, and his playing of the last-named Concerto was nothing short of marvellous. He so thoroughly entered into the spirit of the composer that his interpretation left nothing to be desired, and his change of mood from grave to gay, combined with his perfect sense of tune, showed one how thoroughly he understood Mozart's point of view, to take this one instance. His playing of the Beethoven Concerto was equally great. This Concerto remains unique among violin compositions, and Ysaye interpreted it as, to our mind, no other living violinist can. In the "Larghetto" he showed us that this great work belongs to no particular period, but that it belongs to all time. It means a great deal when one says that this work returned to us with all its freshness under such

sentiment of appreciation for the interpreter than for the composer. This, indeed, was a concert to be fully appreciated, and showed that in M. Ysaye we have an interpretative artist with whom it is impossible to find an equal.

One of the most interesting functions of the past week was the Private View given by Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons of their new Grand Pianoforte Factory at Old Ford. The new works cover a very large plot of ground, from Stour Road, Smeed Road, and Beach Road almost to Old Ford Station, which makes it the largest pianoforte factory in the Empire, with every modern improvement and appliance that it is possible to secure. Going over this great factory, what strikes one particularly is the very great intelligence displayed by all the skilled workmen employed therein; how many of our great interpretative artists know the many processes each piece of the instrument has been through before it arrives at its artistic whole? The factory is lighted throughout by about a thousand incandescent lamps, and a most wonderful system of electric clocks installed by the Synchronome Company ensures a uniform time throughout the entire building. It is, indeed, a place full of interest, and in their new building Messrs. Broadwood have a factory which it will be very difficult to beat, if not to equal.

A few evenings ago, in the presence of an audience which included the Queen and Princess Victoria, Herr Richter gave his fourth Concert of the present series. The chief item of interest was Herr Richard Strauss's symphonic poem, "Also sprach Zarathustra." This is a work which is simplicity itself, though the orchestration is remarkably intricate; so much so that it is difficult

to imagine how a man can combine this commonplace melody with so complex an accompaniment. Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony was also included in the programme, and was very beautifully played. Miss Elvira Schmuckler played the solo part in Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto in B Minor very creditably indeed, and showed that she is a young artist of much accomplishment.

COMMON CHORD.

Mdlle. Paula Szalit, the little Polish pianist who came about a month ago from her triumphs in Germany and has already conquered London, will return here in May to give a series of recitals and fulfil many private engagements. Young as she is, Mdlle. Szalit is a true artist, and she is even now counted one of Leschetitsky's best pupils.

The Hon. Violet Vivian, who took part last week in the entertainment organised in aid of Princess Christian's Crèche at Windsor, is the prettiest of the Queen's charming Maids of Honour. Miss Violet Vivian's twin, Miss Dorothy Vivian, was appointed a Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria not long before our late Sovereign's death. The twin Maids are the daughters of a famous diplomatist who at the time of his death was British Ambassador at Rome, and their mother is a sister of Sir Charles Duff.

Mr. Napoleon Lambelet, so well known as the composer of delightful songs and other music, will give a Grand Evening Concert at Steinway Hall on Monday evening next (the 15th). An exceedingly attractive programme has been provided, and among the many ladies and gentlemen who have consented to appear are Mrs. W. N. Cozens Hardy, Mrs. Melvill Simons, Mrs. Adrian Ross, Miss Nina Martino, Miss Grainger Kerr, Signor Umberto Salvi, Mr. Acton Bond, M. Jules Charmettes, Signor D'Alessio, and Mr. James Coward. Madame C. Hastings Warren and Mr. Lambelet himself will be the accompanists.



THE HON. VIOLET VIVIAN,
WHO TOOK PART IN PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S CAFÉ CHANTANT
AT WINDSOR LAST THURSDAY (FEB. 4).
Photograph by Alice Hughes, Gower Street.

an interpreter as M. Ysaye. The concert concluded with Saint-Saëns's Violin Concerto in B Minor (Op. 61). He played this work with a peculiar sense of its vitality which almost made one feel a greater



MR. NAPOLEON LAMBELET
TO GIVE A CONCERT AT THE STEINWAY HALL ON
MONDAY EVENING NEXT, FEB. 15.



MDLLE. PAULA SZALIT, THE CELEBRATED POLISH PIANIST.
Photograph by Bieber, Berlin.



Changes of Speed—Comfort in the Car—Blinking Lights—Attaching and Detaching Tyres—“Goggles”—Crystal Palace Show.

THE great aim with all motor-car designers and constructors is to reduce the number of changes of speed as much as possible by increasing the flexibility of the engine to the uttermost. In this connection, Messrs. John Marston, Limited, of Wolverhampton, are not likely to lag behind, for I learn on very good authority that on their stand at the approaching Motor Show at the Crystal Palace will be seen a "Sunbeam" car fitted with a six-cylinder engine and two forward speeds only. This means that, except upon the steepest parts of steep hills, the first speed will never be required, and that the car will be capable of being driven on its top-speed from a walking pace up to the legal limit—or more—over all average roads and up all reasonable grades.

In view of obtaining as much comfort as possible for passengers in a motor-car when driving in cold weather, I cannot understand why some of our motor outfitters do not put fur foot-sacks upon the market, made with a rubber foot-warmer between a top and bottom lining. Such things may exist, but I confess I have never yet come across one, although I should very much like to. On long journeys, when the water in the rubber bags had cooled, it would be both easy and convenient to refill with hot from the radiator, if the latter were fitted with a suitable tap, for, while hot water is not always obtainable without delay, cold for replenishing the radiator or tank can always be had. If the thing is not already done, I present the idea free gratis to Mr. Lovegrove, Messrs. Dunhill and Co., or Gamage. I am sure such articles would find a ready sale, for only those whose circulation is below the average know how perishingly cold one's "tootsies" can get even in the enclosed tonneau of an automobile on a cold day.

In their wisdom, the Local Government Board have decreed that acetylene-gas or other bright head-lights shall be provided with some sort of mechanism by which their light may be shut out or dimmed when it is likely to give annoyance. How the driver of the car is to know or judge when he shall blink or wink his head-lights the Local Government Board regulations say not, but to put himself out of all danger of legal process it would seem that the automobilist must blink the whole night through, if he drives so late. I admit freely that a *rencontre* with a car carrying one or two bright head-lights on a dark country-road is at present somewhat disconcerting to horse and man, but what the effect on hippic nerves will be when we career along o' nights winking like a lighthouse gone mad I leave the draughtsmen of the Local Government Board regulations to imagine.

I would strongly urge car-owners whose purses will not stand the strain of a mechanic's wages, or who do not fancy the company of these gentry when they drive abroad, to take a lesson or two in detaching and attaching pneumatic tyres. A terrible bogey is made of this job, which, if two or three little tricks are acquired and the proper sort of tyre-levers used, is not nearly so black as it is painted. On receiving your car, get your expert to take off and replace each cover, and watch the operation closely. Then try your own hand, under his eye, and thereafter you will not fear, nor find, much difficulty in tyre-removal. At the time the expert is at work, see that a liberal allowance of French chalk is introduced into the cover all round before it is

replaced. It will save much trouble by preventing heating and the sticking of the tube to the inner surface of the cover.

When ladies go a-motoring they should be strongly persuaded to wear "goggles." By this advice I know I am imposing a difficult and unwelcome task upon their masculine companions, for "goggles," however well-made, are not becoming articles, and the more efficiently protective they are the more unprepossessing is their appearance. Lovely woman will at all times insist that her flimsy bit of veiling is all that is necessary to protect her bright eyes; but in winter particularly the impingement of the biting air upon the ball of the eye and the region of the temples is a most fruitful source of neuralgia. The untoward aspect of the glasses can be modified by wearing a veil over them, but they should really be insisted upon, if our fair passengers are not to pay by days of pain for a few short hours' enjoyment on a car. "Goggles" which are not made with flaps of stout silk or chamois-leather to cover the region all round the eye are of little service. A car-owner will earn the future gratitude of his lady passengers if he carries a spare pair or two on his car, and insists that they shall be worn as soon as town is left behind.



A PARISIAN MOTOR-CAB: THESE VEHICLES ARE NOW FREQUENTLY SEEN IN THE STREETS OF THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

which will enable visitors endowed with powers of comparison to see for themselves how rapidly the native manufacturer is overhauling his Continental rival. The Exhibition will be the largest and most comprehensive Motor Show the world has yet seen, for, in addition to vehicles of home-construction, the leading manufacturers of France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and the United States will show their cars, either on their own stands or through agents. In addition to automobiles, the array of accessories—always the most interesting portion of such a Show to the average visitor—will be most profuse, and, from "information received," I understand that many startling and interesting novelties will there see the light for the first time.

"HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH."

The thirty-eighth edition of Debrett's "House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" (Dean and Son) makes an opportune appearance at the commencement of the Session. It forms a complete Parliamentary Guide, containing not only notices of members of the House of Commons and Judicial Bench, but also an abridged Peerage, while details regarding the changes which have taken place in the personnel of Parliament since the last General Election are recorded in a form convenient for ready reference. The volume is quite up-to-date, having been revised to Jan. 21, and a section particularly useful to new members is that entitled "Explanations of Technical Parliamentary Expressions." The student of heraldry will find much to interest him in the eight hundred illustrations of armorial bearings.



The Lincoln Handicap—Grand National—Other Races—The late Mr. Whitney.

ONLY thirteen of the fifty-three entries have gone out of the Lincoln Handicap, and the first big flat-race of the year is very likely to produce an exciting contest. Mr. R. Ord, who is responsible for the handicap, has done his work so thoroughly that it is quite on the cards that 6 to 1 will be offered on the field at flag-fall unless one of the plunging stables has a kept good thing for the race. The three horses left in that are said to be the sharps' tips are Cossack, Dumbarton Castle, and Uninsured. The last-named, who was last year backed for pounds, shillings, and pence for the City and Suburban, could not be sent to the post at Epsom, but, if all right on March 22, he should not want for backing. Dumbarton Castle, as one of the easiest Stewards' Cup winners of the last ten years, is entitled to respect, the more so as he comes from the Grateley stable that won the Lincoln Handicap with General Peace and with Little Eva. All Newmarket is on Cossack for the Lincoln. It is said he is a champion miler, which, by-the-bye, has yet to be publicly proved. However, where sprinters like Sir Geoffrey, Little Eva, and many others have succeeded, the Cossacks should not be despised, and I must say that, in my opinion, Sir James Miller's candidate has a very big chance.

As with the Lincoln Handicap, so with the Grand National thirteen horses have gone out, but in the Aintree event fifty-eight remain, so we ought to see a bumper field for the cross-country Blue Ribbon, which is to be run for on March 25. I was delighted to see Ambush II. among the contents, because I hold that His Majesty's fine 'chaser has a chance second to none. I am told that he takes a lot of riding at his fences; he is a dull goer, but would last for a week, and a little waking-up helps him to jump the biggest of obstacles. Anthony knows Ambush II. well, and I do hope he may land him home this time. Manifesto may get over the course again; I hope he will, but I do not think he can quite win. Mathew is the street-corner tip for the race. He was going well last year when he came down. The horse will be well ridden by Mr. Hartigan. I do not think Drumcree is out of the race. He won with plenty to spare last year, but Detail may again trouble the leaders, and the last-named, who is owned by Mr. White Heather, is a good place-investment.

if he is started at Epsom and Chester, with a great deal of interest. I believe the old sprinter would win both events easily if Sloan were allowed to ride, and the majority of racegoers would welcome the return of the smart Yankee horseman to the saddle. If only one-half of the acceptors for the City and Suburban went to the post, we should get a race worthy of the Epsom course. Gold Lock is almost certain to become favourite when betting on the race opens, as he is said to be one of the smartest four-year-olds in training at Newmarket. Holme

Lacey, who is now owned by Lord Westbury, is well handicapped at 7 st. 1 lb., and Burses, who has for a long time been favourite on the Continental lists, is not out of it with 7 st. 10 lb. I do not see what is to stop Zinfandel in the Jubilee if the horse is started.

By the death of Mr. William Collins Whitney, the American Turf loses one of its biggest patrons. Deceased was a fine man and a good sportsman. He stood over six feet and weighed fifteen stone, yet he retained his youthful activity until the start of his fatal illness. Mr. Whitney raced for four years in England, during which time he won over thirty-one thousand pounds in stakes. He imported the best American horses into England, kept up a great expenditure at Heath House, Newmarket, and paid huge sums for jockeys' services. He won the Cambridgeshire in successive years with

Watershed and Ballantrae, and captured the Derby with Volodyovski, whom he leased from Lady Meux, and how "Voly" ever came to be beaten by Doricles in the race for the St. Leger is a puzzle to the present day. Mr. Whitney gave ten thousand pounds for Nasturtium, who turned out to be worthless for racing purposes. Deceased was very much attached to the late Lord William Beresford, and he founded the "Beresford Fund" in memory of the latter.

CAPTAIN COE.

Few people realise how intelligent an interest is taken in animals by our Royal Family. Her Majesty is very proud of her Basset-hounds, the most perfect of their breed in the kingdom and the winners of many prizes at the leading Shows. Apropos of the great Dog Shows, both their Majesties have done everything in their power



THE QUEEN'S BASSET-HOUNDS.



A GROUP OF MRS. JENKINS'S WELL-KNOWN TOY-SPANIELS.

Photographs by A. H. Salmon, Sydenham.

It is pleasant to note good acceptances for the Great Metropolitan and the Chester Cup, especially in the case of the latter race, seeing that it failed to fill at the first time of asking last year and had to be reopened. I am told that Mark Time will win one or both of the races referred to if the going is on the soft side. Mr. J. G. Clarke's four-year-old is one of the most useful long-distance performers in training, and he is bound to be fit, as he has been running throughout the winter over hurdles. I shall watch the running of O'Donovan Rossa,

to make the fashion in which these are conducted more humane and intelligent. They are themselves constant exhibitors.

At the present moment the toy-spaniel is leading favourite in the smart dog-world; and of the many ladies who have of late years turned their attention to this breed few have been so successful as Mrs. Jenkins. The toy-spaniel is essentially a *chien de luxe*. It is a delicate little creature and wants a great deal of looking after.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE fashion of wearing coloured stones has distinctly arrived. Not only have the charming reproductions of eighteenth-century marcasite caught on, but modern groupings of amethyst, onyx, emerald, ruby, and pearls present the most fascinating combinations in brooches, chains, ear-rings, bangles, and other "daylight gauds." It is a curious fact that, while quantities of enamels and the aforesaid coloured gems are worn in daytime, it is still considered a little overdone to sport diamonds except for evening. But even that remaining prejudice of long-past Spartan times is on the wane. The days when it was not considered correct to wear jewellery *en plein air* are indeed departed. Coloured stones in combs are most effective. I saw one of rubies, diamonds, and olivines at the Union Jack Club Fête on Thursday which, set quite high on the hair, looked charming.

The engagement of Mrs. Hanbury, widow of the late President of the Board of Agriculture, to Mr. Victor Bowring has been spoken of for several months past, though its announcement has only just been made public. Added interest is felt in connection with the Appeal Court décision, which excludes Mr. Hanbury's nieces, to whom he was greatly attached, from benefiting by his will. This also affects Lady Milman, a favourite sister of the late President's, who, on his death eight months ago, was prostrate with grief. Ilam Hall is one of the loveliest places in England, and its trout-fishing is a proverb with sportsmen. Mr. Bowring, who will shortly marry Mrs. Hanbury, is a connection, through his mother's side, of Cubitt, the well-known builder who reclaimed Belgravia from its original state of swamp and built up a fortune thereby.

The to be and not to be of war greatly occupies the public mind at the moment, and the gay goddess Rumour has had her hands full

that they had not been recalled and were taking the situation with characteristic equanimity. What excellent manners these courteous Orientals have, by the way, and how the *gauche* and bashful Briton must astonish them at times! But, after all, theirs is a slightly older



THE FASHIONABLE TAILOR-MADE.

of doubtless congenial employment during the past six weeks. Apropos, I met some of the Japanese officers who are studying at the Naval College at Greenwich this week, and was surprised to find



A DAINTY EVENING-DRESS FOR A DÉBUTANTE.

[Copyright.]

civilisation, seeing that they can trace it right back to the very downfall of Babylon itself.

A visit to Hengler's took one straight into Fairyland on Thursday last, when the King, Queen, and all the Royalties assembled at the Fête in aid of the Union Jack Club. Festoons of vaporous gauze and long fringes of delicate tinsel made the very atmosphere golden, gay fancy-frocks were thrown into fine effect by the ice on which the dexterous skaters glided, excellent music, a supper negotiated by Benoist in his best manner, and one has the *mise-en-scène* at which all social London attended in aid of the finest national scheme ever started. For that honour must be accorded Miss Ethel McCaul, the King's nurse, who initiated it; to Lord Redesdale, who, as Chairman of three Committees, and aided by his influence with Royalty, helped so greatly to make Thursday's occasion a grand success; and not least to Mr. Tanqueray, whose genius for organisation and detail was largely responsible for the perfection of all arrangements in connection with the Carnival.

Amongst notable people present, Lady Granby's scarlet draperies were visible, and Mrs. George Keppel, in a bright-sapphire velvet cloak, with large diamond-leaves in her hair, looked well. Mrs. George West was in a black gauze gown, Mrs. Adrian Hope in pink. Lady Archie Campbell wore one of her original creations; and, amongst lights of the theatrical world, Mrs. Arthur Bourchier, in diaphanous white and gold, and Mrs. Weedon Grossmith, in a smart pink gown, were in admired evidence. A good many people wore high evening-dresses, which will come in usefully at Monte Carlo doubtless, where many are bound just now; but the majority of the social elect were in full panoply of *décolletée* state.

Apropos of Monte Carlo, I see that Mrs. Adair, of 90, New Bond Street, New York, and Paris fame, has opened a branch at that rallying-place of the *monde*. Her address there, it may be useful to note, is Silva Hotel, Villa Richmont-Boulevard du Nord, and people who are accustomed to being treated by her excellent method in town will be glad to know that its efficacies can be continued in the "Sunny South." Clients staying at Nice can be visited by appointment as well.

This is undoubtedly the age of the glorified infant. He is caressed and cajoled, cultivated and catered for, to an extent that would have filled with amazement the Spartan bosoms of early Victorian nurses and parents. Last amongst his numerous accessories is a newly introduced baby-carriage of gorgeous exterior, with the body of aluminium, which is, of course, the lightest and strongest of materials. Thus the millennium of the nurse may also be said to have arrived and taking King Baby for an airing is transformed from a heavy penalty into a pleasure. The Royal Baby Carriage Company, of Muswell Hill, N., are responsible for this novelty in infantile conveyance, which should, in fact, prove the success of the season.

Talking of babies, proud parents will doubtless feel tempted to compete for the prizes, amounting to five hundred pounds, in Mellin's forthcoming competition, which is a photographic one and closes on March 1. All particulars may be obtained at Mellin's Food Works, Peckham, S.E., and there is not much time to lose.

The shopping-by-post idea is being largely exploited by Messrs. Lambert and Co., of Hall Street, Birmingham, who issue a catalogue of gold and silver ware, clocks and watches, at prices which are startlingly low. Doubtless recognising that to sell at all in London, where there is so much competition, they must sell at wonderful prices, their catalogue is a series of surprises in low figures and original designs. "Those about to marry," as well as the frugally minded *Hausfrau*, should undoubtedly send for it, and receive an object-lesson, if one were needed, in the possibilities of Birmingham enterprise. SYBIL.

Last week, Mr. Henry J. Wood conducted at the Queen's Hall a Symphony Concert, the programme of which was exceedingly well chosen. The concert opened with Brahms's Third Symphony (in F), admirably played by the Orchestra. This is a work for which we have no very great admiration, for it does not seem to us to touch the interior sentiment of humanity; but, all the same, Brahms accomplished very fine effects of orchestration in this work and showed how thoroughly he was equipped in all the branches of his art. Herr and Frau von Dulong sang together Schubert's "Nur wer die Shnsuchtekennt" and Boito's "Lontano" from his "Mefistole" very beautifully indeed, with real vocal style and with a thorough appreciation of the musical spirit which prompted the composition of these duets. In Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto in E-flat (No. 1), Mr. Eugène d'Albert played the solo instrument. His playing was indeed remarkable. This is a most exacting work, but Mr. d'Albert played it throughout without any deflection of any kind or sort from absolute perfection, and he showed how dazzlingly brilliant is his accomplishment. His playing was greeted with great enthusiasm on the part of his audience, and as an encore he gave a Liszt Impromptu. The concert concluded with a splendid orchestral rendering of the Overture to Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel," Mr. Wood bringing out all the strength and delicacy of which his band is capable.

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NOTES FROM BERLIN.

DIPLOMATIC society is greatly exercised on the subject of the future British Ambassador to St. Petersburg (writes our Berlin Correspondent). The relations between Great Britain and Russia are at the present moment far from cordial, and, from all that I can gather, they are likely to remain in a strained condition for a long time to come. On all sides I hear the opinion expressed that the British Government will and must select a strong man for this very difficult post. Sir Charles Scott, though he is only sixty-five years old, has now decided to retire. A few days ago, Lady Scott proceeded from St. Petersburg to London on a "house-hunting" mission. It is said that Sir Charles will take up his residence in the Metropolis next April.

Duke Frederick I. of Anhalt, whose death at an advanced age was announced last week, was a patriarchal Sovereign with a very imposing appearance. It was his habit to walk in "civil" through the streets of his capital, where his tall figure, large black eyes, and well-trained white beard were familiar to all the inhabitants, and more particularly to the street-urchins, whom he used to remind in stern and fatherly terms that they should not forget to doff their caps to their monarch. Duke Frederick was a monosyllabic ruler. Until the Silver Jubilee of his reign he had been known to deliver public speeches on only two occasions. Curiously enough, both speeches were made in the Royal Theatre. On the first occasion, a small fire had broken out behind the scenes, and the leading actress appeared on the stage crying,

"Fire, fire!" The audience was already rising in panic when from the ducal box issued the stentorian command, "Hold your tongue, you silly goose!" It was the Duke, who, with this "maiden speech," succeeded in completely restoring the equanimity of his frightened subjects.

The occasion of His Royal Highness's second speech was, if possible, still more embarrassing. In the midst of the performance the electric-lights went out and the theatre was plunged in fearful darkness. At once the Sovereign voice rose above the din of alarm, saying to the Kapellmeister, "Klughardt, what's the meaning of this?" The reply was inaudible to the audience, but the voice proceeded:

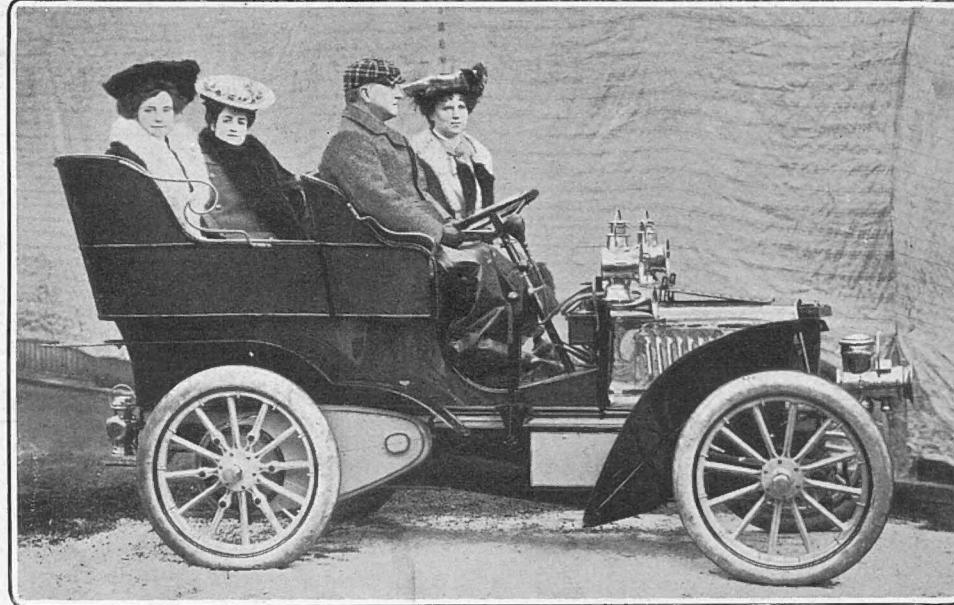
"Then why doesn't the stupid idiot light the gas?" The official thus apostrophised went quickly to work, and in a few minutes the theatre was shining in light, the Duke's eloquence having again allayed a panic.

The German Crown Prince met with an unusual experience a few days since, when journeying from Potsdam to Berlin. Just as the train was moving out of the station, the door of the first-class compartment was torn violently open and a young man tumbled at the feet of His Royal Highness. The Prince's first thoughts may pardonably have dwelt on anarchy. The intruder, however, rose quickly, and, on perceiving the august company into which he had fallen, manifested an urgent desire to precipitate himself out of the window. This procedure the Crown Prince was good enough to prevent, and the young man remained in the compartment until the train halted. Then, despite the forgiveness of His Royal Highness, he was haled before the station-master and fined for jumping on to a train in motion.

Messrs. Bewlay and Co., Limited, of the Strand, the well-known cigar-importers, have opened new premises at 38, Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., for the convenience of their City customers.

My theatrical gossip was in error when he stated in our last issue that Miss Annie Hughes (Mrs. Edmund Maurice) was about to enter into management. Miss Hughes will play the leading part in Mr. Max Pemberton's comedy, "The Finishing School," but the production will be in the hands of Mr. Frank Curzon.

In connection with the opening of their new factory at Old Ford, Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, Limited, have issued a beautifully illustrated booklet entitled "The Making of a Pianoforte." They also publish "The Romance of a Piano," which appeared in the *London Magazine* a few months ago. Both these little works are well got-up, and the latter is particularly interesting in that it contains a number of excellent portraits of famous composers.



MR. PERCY PERCIVAL (MANAGER OF THE GRAND THEATRE, WOLVERHAMPTON) ON HIS TWELVE HORSE-POWER, FOUR-CYLINDER "SUNBEAM" CAR, BUILT BY JOHN MARSTON, LIMITED.

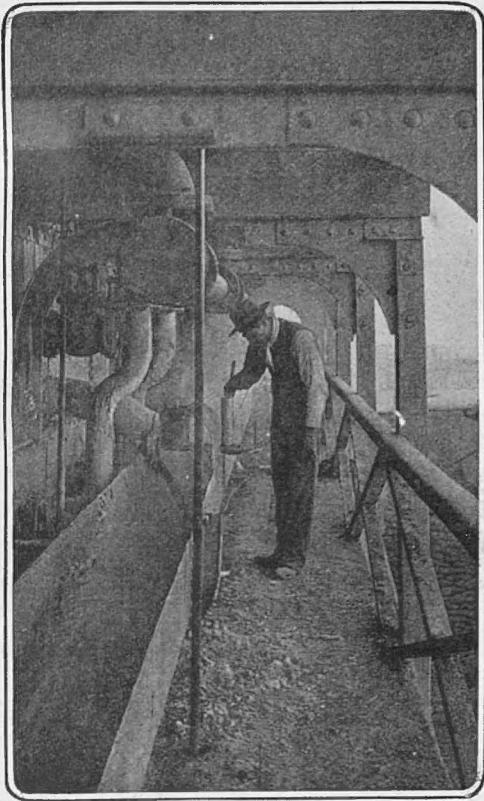
The lady seated by Mr. Percival's side is Miss Lilian Coomber; the others are Mlle. Cécile Talma (in black hat) and Mlle. Alesia Bassian. All three are members of the Carl Rosa Opera Company.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 23.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE continued disinclination of the public to subscribe for new issues has been again exemplified in the failure of the City of Wellington 4½ per cent. Loan and the British Electric Traction Debenture issue. The terms in both cases were such that two or three years ago there would have been a scramble to get allotments; but times have changed, and, if even high-class borrowers are to get what they want, there is no doubt they must offer more liberal terms. We only hope the public will keep its pockets tightly buttoned until money is brought to a more remunerative level, and honest men can get 5 per cent. for their savings without undue risk. It would be good for everybody if such a state of affairs could be brought about; the inducements to saving and reasonable economy would be increased, and a check would be put on the extravagance of municipalities and the reckless trading of many Industrial concerns.



THE NITRATE INDUSTRY:

RUNNING OFF SATURATED SOLUTION OF NITRATE OF SODA FROM BOILING-TANKS.

trading may be described as less bad than might have been expected. No doubt, both parties engaged in the fiscal controversy will draw admirable morals from the figures to suit their own books, just as it is possible to twist the trade returns into any shape that happens to be required by the master-mind labouring at either Free Trade or Protection problems. The investor must not be alarmed by the one party or soothed by the other in respect of the Home Railway position. Coming to hard, everyday facts, it is more and more evident that a return of even 4 per cent. upon money invested in Home Railway Ordinary stocks fails to appeal to those with spare capital who are seeking sound securities. "What do the public want?" cries the Railway supporter, in despair at the lack of demand. "Must they have 5 per cent. on their money?" It looks very much as though the public meant to wait a bit before adding capital to that already sunk in Home Rails, and this policy of restraint can have only one effect upon prices in the market. With Consols and other high-class securities flabby, there is nothing to help the railway prices except the harmless, necessary bear account. "Harmless," we say, and advisedly: perhaps it would not be wrong to say "useful." Every now and then the bears are frightened into repurchasing their stock, an operation that helps quotations quite as much as the small amount of public demand does, and, thanks to this source of strength behind the market, Home Railway prices are not likely to go much lower than the level at which they now stand.

THE NITRATE INDUSTRY.

In our very brief description of the method of manufacture of nitrate of soda, published in our issue of Jan. 27, we were guilty of an inaccuracy, for the correction of which we are indebted to Mr. William Newton, the well-known analytical chemist, of 39, Mincing Lane, who writes us—

Nitrate is not produced by evaporation. The raw material, "caliche," is chiefly a mixture of common salt and nitrate. It is boiled in water. Nitrate is very much more soluble in hot water than in cold. Salt is only slightly more soluble in hot water than in cold. Consequently the hot liquor, after boiling the caliche, upon cooling deposits nitrate, and nearly all the salt remains in solution.

We are glad to correct the mistake, and to thank Mr. Newton for his kindness in pointing it out.

THE EXPLORATION COMPANY REPORT.

How are the mighty fallen! Time was when this Company—"Rothschild's Exploration Company," as it was the fashion to call

it—could turn paper into gold by the very magic of its name, and to hold a few shares was almost as much distinction as to be seen walking down Lombard Street with the Governor of the Bank of England or the late Mr. Whitaker Wright; but we have fallen on degenerate days, and, instead of profits, the shareholders have to put up with debit balances and schemes for more conveniently handling half-a-million of unrealisable assets. It is a curious thing, and appears to us not over-creditable to the management, that, although office expenses amount to £14,600, and, in addition, the directors draw £2500 a-year, no one can be found capable of explaining the scheme, or even of writing the directors' report in intelligible—we do not ask grammatical—English. Mr. Rochfort Maguire got three "Firsts" at Oxford, and since then has made a huge fortune. Could he not, for the credit of himself and his colleagues, have given the poor shareholders a specimen of that clear and nervous English with which he charmed the examiners in the days of old? Debenture stock divided into shares of one pound each is mere nonsense, and the end of paragraph 5 of the scheme is a gem of inelegant composition for which even an office-boy would deserve dismissal. As to the scheme itself, it can merely have been framed to bury the past and profit the lawyers.

INDIANS AND WEST AFRICANS.

If there is one person more surprised than another at the turmoil raised by his recent lecture upon the geology of Indian mines, we imagine it must be the lecturer himself. Mr. A. J. Wilson has told us of the intense astonishment he felt when his famous article upon the safety of the Bank of England aroused a furore in the financial world, and most of the excitement over a possible pinching-out of the Champion Reef and Mysore Gold Mines is due to the above-mentioned lecture, whose object was assuredly not that of creating a scare. The apprehensions of the shareholders have been allayed to no small extent by the assurances of Messrs. John Taylor and Sons that they regard the pessimism as being unnecessary, and, from inquiries that we have made amongst the dealers in the Stock Exchange, we find the same opinion shared by members of the House. But now that the question has been seriously discussed—it has, of course, been in the air, more or less, for years past—part of the confidence with which holders of Indian Mining shares used to regard their investments has been disturbed somewhat rudely, and, in the circumstances, it is a pity that the splitting scheme of the Champion Reef Company should be put forward just at this time.

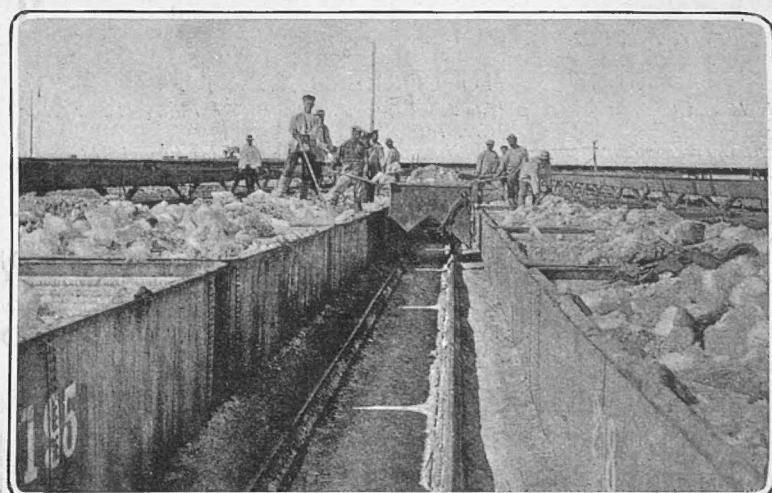
West Africans continue to be swayed by contradictory tides, good returns from the Wassau being offset by poor results achieved by the Sansu and Obuassi Mines. The Amalgamated group is the one that will probably come to the front first; but here, again, it is a pity—a thousand pities—that an apparently grossly unjust proposal for amalgamating the Fanti Corporation and the Fanti Consols should give reasonable cause for disgust in the market. In connection with West Africans, it may be observed that an interesting booklet, price sixpence, has just been brought out by Messrs. Lionel Foot and T. F. E. Jones junior. It is called "The Gold Coast and the Fantis," and contains a veritable store of useful odds-and-ends of information. The gold-mining industry is spoken of with an optimism that is tempered by practical knowledge of the various difficulties presented by the Colony.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Why I am called upon to deliver my lucubrations for the second time in three weeks I should very much like to know. It is bad enough to be condemned to small print once a month, and I speak on behalf of the readers as well as the writer. Here are the "gentlemen"—a whole world of withering sarcasm, you know, can be conveyed by inverted commas—who write about a silly Stroller or meander through a column of senseless dialogue in a First-class Railway Carriage—here are these "gentlemen," I say, allowed the use of decent-sized type, whereas this microscopic print hurts your eyes just as it sears my feelings by giving me twice as much to do to fill up the same space. Is it any wonder that I begrudge them their hundred guineas a column, or whatever slight remuneration they may receive? However—

Everyone wants to know whether Consols may be called cheap. It seems, perhaps, silly to say so, but this is a matter of individual opinion, and one man can



THE NITRATE INDUSTRY: EMPTYING CRYSTALLISING-PANS INTO CARS.

form a judgment quite as well as another, provided, of course, that each is *au courant* with the general current of events, political and financial. My own view is that Consols are far from being cheap, in spite of the fall, and that we shall probably see a further decline before the quotation begins to mend. The normal price of Goschens, if a personal opinion is worth mentioning, may be put in the near neighbourhood of 90. I should like to share the optimism of those people who predict par for the Funds, but that is a far-away dream, dependent for its fulfilment upon another long period of abnormally cheap money. And if Consols present few attractions of purchase, it seems to me a logical conclusion that Bank shares need not be expected to rise for some time to come. The dulness of the Bank market is already exciting a certain amount of perplexed comment. Why are London and Counties dull? Why National Provincial Banks? The answer would appear to lie in the fact that, as regards both these cases, the dividends allow of a return of about 4 per cent. on the money, and such yield is really insufficient upon shares that command a more limited market than would be the case if the liability did not exist. In varying degrees the same arguments can be fitted to the other Bank shares: better dividends are not likely to come for several years, the course of Consols gives no promise of the banks being able to write up their holdings, and, in the third place, the present return is not large enough to warrant better prices. There are many other fields where the average investor can do much better with his money than the Bank market.

In view of the forthcoming Committee Election, it is a little surprising that the members in favour of reform should not be making more show than they are. Mr. H. H. Pain, at his recent meeting of supporters, told us that, when he pressed his proposals for a change upon the Stock Exchange Committee, one of the reasons for their rejection was the quietude of business. As Mr. Pain fairly retorted, that is an excellent excuse for discussing such matters, since nobody wants to be bothered with questions of House government when business booms. This is so obvious that one feels inclined to ask why the Committee advanced such a frivolous objection, and upon this ground alone the reformers have an excellent opportunity for enlisting support that in other days would probably turn a deaf ear to "control" suggestions. Let the restless spirits desirous of reform—I am a restless spirit myself—concentrate their energies upon one plank of the platform and bring about the abolition of the double government at present prevailing. After that, other things may be attempted, but there is a real danger lest energy be too scattered to produce any wholesome or permanent effect.

All of which, no doubt, holds a certain amount of interest for Stock Exchange members, but very little for the outside public, and I accordingly apologise to the lay reader for hauling it into this letter. The lay reader, by the way, is being a good deal catered for in this respect of late, but so much that is written upon the subject smacks of the amateurish hand that he may be advised to add a fairly large-sized grain of salt to the would-be critics' ideas.

Rhodesians seem to be going to the dogs altogether, and once more the pessimists who declared the country to be of little value as a permanent gold-producer are coming home in their views. What with reefs pinching out, dividends being suspended, shutting-down of mines in consequence of the ever-increasing labour scarcity, the market is having a bad time of it—almost worse than that of the Kaffir Circus. The "shops" do very little to support their own specialities, and some of the falls in prices are truly enormous. Look at Rhodesia Explorations, for instance. They were 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ in 1895, and 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ even in 1902. Now the price is 2 $\frac{3}{4}$. Tanganyikas have fallen more sensational still. Last year they were 25 $\frac{1}{2}$; to-day you can buy them at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ or thereabouts. Chartered used to be 9 in the boom days, and when they fell to something like 4, a financial daily was at pains to prove that the shares were worth the old figure, whereas the current market valuation of two pounds a share does not seem much too low. Lomagundas, too, have proved a sore disappointment. When they rose just over 6 in 1902, it was freely prophesied that 10 was within easy reach: the shares touched 6 $\frac{1}{2}$, and have since come down to about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. Kaffirs, of course, can be made to show almost as bad comparisons. Whereas East Rands were 12 $\frac{1}{2}$, they are now more like 6 $\frac{1}{2}$; Apex saw 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ and have fallen £13 10s. a share; Bantjes at a sovereign compare with 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ nine years ago, and so the list might be indefinitely extended right down the column. It makes one shudder to think how appallingly-overpriced Kaffirs were in the earlier boom. People must have been mad to pay the prices they did for shares that had no shred of a chance of dividends. They say we shall never see such a boom again, and, if wildness of gambling is to be the criterion, I agree with this dictum. But that there will come a revival I have no doubt whatever, although it may be a year or more before we get it. Possibly the sages in the House who tell us that Stock Exchange business comes in decades have some degree of soundness in their superstition: The last Kaffir boom was in 1895, the next will be in 1905. So it is said, and one can only live in hope, although, if things go on much longer as they are going now, there won't be any hope left in the House. As it is, faith has fallen to a discount, and charity commands a substantial premium. "I'm a bear of bazaars," a jobber protested when his far-from-best broker approached with a suppliant air the other day. "You can close your bear for half-a-crown," returned the broker, and I saw the money change hands forthwith.

Argentine Railway stocks should be carefully watched, and bought on a dull day. There is a steadiness about the market that deserves to be noted, and in all the various phases of the war-scare the prices kept commendably steady. With a speculative market there is always the likelihood of differences proving heavy, and, of course, the best method of dealing is to take up whatever you buy. Failing that, one's bank will generally do the necessary, which is cheaper than contangoing stock in the House, as a rule. My old favourite, Buenos Ayres Western, is one of the best stocks in the Argentine Railway department, and Rosarios are hard to beat as a good medium for a speculative investment.

Thus and thusly have I come to the end of my tether. Since I cannot carry out the one dream of my life and become a War Correspondent, I must rest content to be, if you have patiently followed my ramblings thus far, your very grateful servitor,

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Feb. 6, 1904.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

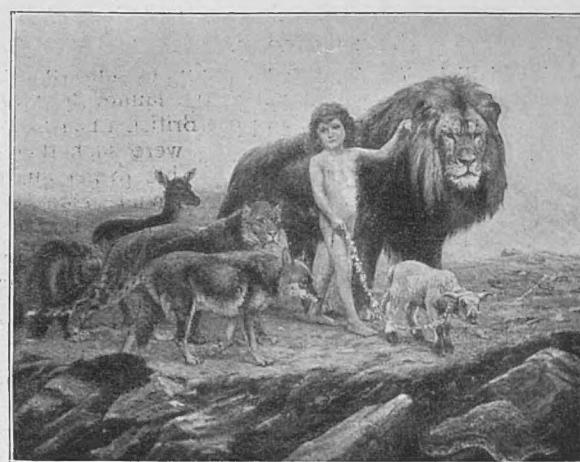
W. N.—We beg to thank you for your kind letter and the correction of our mistake as to the nitrate production, also for the pamphlet, which we have read with great interest.

VERITAS.—We have spoken to a gentleman who knows the Charters Towers field well, and he tells us the mine is situated in the heart of the gold-bearing country and it ought to be a good piece of ground. If you can afford it, join.

WALKURK.—(1) All the securities you name should improve if we have any Stock Exchange activity. (2) Consols pay about £2 16s. 9d. per cent. From Local Loans stock or National War Loan you can get £3 2s. or £3 4s. per cent., but from some Colonial stocks, such as Cape of Good Hope or New Zealand, you can get £3 12s., and out of Railway Debentures or Pref. stock suitable for trustees about £3 8s. or £3 10s. per cent.

HUMMING-BIRD.—We do not think the shares are ever likely to do you any good. The price is about 1s. 3d. per share.

W. P.—We regret the fall in price, but nearly all the other gold-producers have suffered in the same way. The mine is a good one, and produced 82,000 oz. in 1898 and 52,000 oz. in 1899. The mill of 100 stamps re-started last June.



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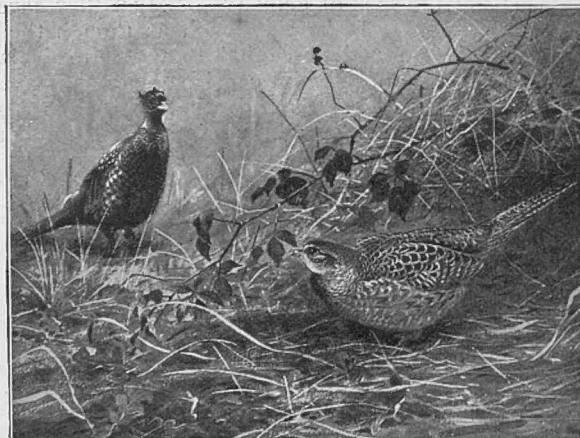
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